

JANUARY

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1945

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# CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS BY PERSPEX

## MATTERS OF OPINION

THE Chairman of C.E.M.A., who is also the Director of the National Gallery, has got himself into hot water, and has had to try to get out of it without hurt to his reputation as an expert and harm to the institution over which he so actively presides. So much emerges from the somewhat heated correspondence which, by the time these lines appear in print, may still be raging in the columns of *The Times*. The affair is, however, of much more than ephemeral interest: it goes right down to the fundamentals of art-appreciation. I must therefore not let it pass unnoticed here.

First for the main facts of the case. The trouble started with an exhibition by C.E.M.A. of "Pictures of the French School" lent by Mr. H. J. P. Bomford, a private collector. I have not seen the show myself; but it seems that it included two or three pictures attributed by the owner to Manet. This prompted Professor Bodkin of the Barber Institute, Birmingham, to dispute the authenticity of these attributions, also to complain of the "low standard" of the show, and further, to raise the question of responsibility resting on the C.E.M.A. authorities for the general quality and individual authenticity of the exhibits in such shows. Such responsibility the chairman declined outright so far as owner's attributions are concerned, on the grounds that it is the only practicable means of borrowing pictures from private collectors, limiting C.E.M.A.'s responsibility, therefore, to the choice of such works as are "interesting in themselves" and are likely to "give pleasure to artists and unprejudiced lovers of art."

Others, from the President of the Royal Academy down to "a young and bewildered painter," joined in the dispute, but the brick that dropped most heavily on the corns of the vexers of this question came from none other than Mr. Samuel Courtauld, who emphatically asserted, to quote his own words: "... attributions, in my opinion, are a matter of minor importance in the true domain of art; experts quite properly debate them in their own circles, but, except to students, they are not of great moment to the genuine art-loving public, who rightly value a picture by the merits which they find in it; the name of the painter makes it neither better nor worse."

Bang goes that brick-bat straight into the house that Jack—scilicet Giovanni Morelli—built in the middle of the last century, and which has since been so greatly and so scientifically extended. The *Casa Morelli* and its *causa* now includes room for the study not only of historical and art-historical matters, but also for *Stilkritik*, for the creation, in consequence, of problematical *amici* and *alumni*, and, still more formidable, laboratories for chemical, microchemical, physical, microphysical, ultra-violet and X-ray tests and analyses, etc. The whole of this *casa* is, metaphorically speaking, situated in a *hortus inclusus* accessible to the general public in so far as it desires to obtain certificates of opinion from its learned and expert members.

Well, no: it's not quite as mystifying as all that, because, as Mr. Courtauld himself stresses, experts do

debate such things in their own circles quite properly. It is undeniable, nevertheless, that experts, critics, even artists have widened the gulf that separates them from "the genuine art-loving public," or, one might even say, art from its "true domain"; on the grounds that they are cognoscenti, that they *know* and the public do not. That, of course, is indisputable; in doubt is only the nature and the value of their information, for the appreciation of art does not spring from knowledge but from feeling. The first questions the genuine art-lover asks himself in front of a work of art are not: "Who is its author?" "Is it genuine?" but "Is it good?" "Does it give me pleasure?" The President of the Royal Academy maintains: "For the seekers of knowledge a catalogue of a show cannot be too correct." That may well be, but for the genuine lover of art a catalogue is altogether unnecessary and may be positively harmful even if the information in the catalogue is absolutely correct. It may be harmful if it causes him to mistrust the evidence of his eyes and of his feeling. For example, the famous "Rokeby Venus," to which Professor Bodkin refers, may not be controversial in its attribution to Velazquez, it is nevertheless unsatisfactory, because inconsistent painting; just as the "Ansidei Madonna," although obviously a "Raphael," is, for similar reasons, unpleasing: both are good only in parts—in my opinion, for what that is worth—and it is worth everything to me—and that is all that matters. Others, not so surely convinced that what they cannot see and what they cannot feel does not matter to anyone but themselves, may find themselves hopelessly trying to admire what they feel is wrong, and what perchance the artist himself did not really intend: in the "Rokeby Venus," for example, the conflict of the Cupid and the background, in technique, tone and colour, with the figure and the foreground; in the "Ansidei Madonna," the contrast between the magnificent and venerable St. Nicholas and the affected St. John and the wooden Madonna.

I do not know the quality of the "Ile de St. Ouen" attributed to Manet, which the chairman cites as an instance, but it is more important that, as Sir Kenneth Clark claims for it, it should be "certainly a fine painting," than that its attribution be correct. Chaucer, we learn, was an open, even a proud *pasticheur*, and, if the Baconians are right, Shakespeare's fame rests entirely on false attributions.

The fact of the matter is that the quality of a work of art is not established by historical proof, documentary evidence, or scientific analyses, but by the quality of aesthetic sensibility in the beholder and, correlatively, by a consensus of opinion of those with a comparable experience.

Fortunately, an authority from what I have ventured to call the *Casa Morelli*, Mr. Allen Borroughs, a pioneer of laboratory art criticism, has himself laid it down as an axiom that "any decision made about the authorship or aesthetic value of a picture must be prefaced by the modest words: 'In my opinion.'"

This sober reflection should do much to cool the

temperature of the "hot water" and to reduce the whole dispute to its proper dimensions as altogether "a matter of opinion"—only.

"This horrible war," as our Prime Minister has recently called it, is like a creeping paralysis which shows itself even in matters as remote from politics as the things to which these pages in particular, but APOLLO in general, are devoted. As one looks upon a pat of butter nowadays with a certain suspicion in case it is "Ersatz," so I would really not blame readers who consider these notes as, in certain respects, an "Ersatz Artikel." What I mean is, for example, this. At the Redfern Gallery there are two quite delightful shows: One called "Le Bon Ton," the other "The Pavilion, Brighton," the former a series of French, the latter of English colour prints. For various reasons, both shows in their different ways stimulated me. I could see a really beautiful little *Perspex* Note flowering out of their soil. There is such a lot one would like to tell about them. Take "Le Bon Ton," published, I believe, as a series of portfolios of colour prints, for the most part quite excellent colour prints. We have nothing of similar quality and similar aims published to-day. They constitute a kind of history of costumes and customs during the *Directoire* and the *Regency*, humorous and satirical, with a special bias against *les Anglais* and *les Anglaises*! One gathers that, to indulge in our proverbial virtue of understatement, the French of that time didn't like the English of that time very much, and the feeling was certainly reciprocated, only it is rather a case, I suppose, of the French "dissembling their love" and the English "kicking them downstairs"—in other words, our forebears could, for once, not be accused of understatement either in matter or manner, whilst the French, at any rate in these prints, cursed us with difficulty, even where, as in the print called "Divertissement des Anglais en Belgique," they intended to be most scathing. Apparently they distinguished the English *gentleman* and perhaps, also, the English *lady* from the rest of their countrymen by an extremely long chin, and both by curious garments. The humour of these, however, is lost upon us to some extent, as apparently there were fine points of difference which we of to-day cannot quite as much enjoy as their contemporaries familiar with the *bon ton* of Paris. And here the Ersatz-ness of my article comes in, for I intended to dwell not only on the fashions but on more detailed iconographical and technical facts and on the truly elegant processes of Janinet's method of colour printing; but my notes and books of reference have just "gone west"; so I cannot quote authorities.

Next, the Pavilion, Brighton—a series of prints, including Nash's own designs for "Brighthelmstone's" white elephant, sacred to the memory of George IV and calling up the shades of Coleridge—the source of Kubla's "Pleasuredomes" and Beckford's "oriental" spirit. And one wonders whether by any chance one of the "Bon Ton" prints—*Encore des Chinois*—has any reference to the Pavilion with its *Anglo-chinoiserie*? Once more I have to fob off the reader with suggestions instead of offering him solid food for thought by quoting inaccessible chapters and verses. Be that as it may: the Pavilion, like the late lamented Crystal Palace, has been grossly slandered and denigrated. George IV's "folly," at any rate, turned a fishing village into a large town,

which—in peace-time—seemed to be perpetually *en fête*, the very tramcars glowing in oriental splendour.

Splendour brings us to Jacob Epstein and his "Flowers and Landscapes of Epping Forest" at the Leicester Galleries, where it is preceded, in the spatial sense, by a group of modest pastels by other contemporary artists. The contrast between these two shows is great. One feels rather—on coming away—as if one had just been listening to a simultaneous performance of chamber music and a brass band, with either one or the other "in the background," as sometimes happens with the wireless. What remains in my mind with lasting pleasure is A. R. Middleton Todd's pastel called "Girl Resting." This is *serious* art—serious in the sense of the old masters. It is done by a man who not only knows how to draw but does not fritter away his knowledge in a trivial manner; he also understands his medium and makes the fullest use of it without straining it or being "intellectual" about it. It is neither old-fashioned, this picture, nor "modernistic"; it is just a complete and excellent work of art. Amongst the other pastellists here, Duncan Grant, Kenneth Martin, Robert Buhler, Anthony Devas, Leonard Greaves and Rupert Shephard all stand out as good painters in the medium, though without Todd's penetration, or true *finish*, whilst John Farleigh agreeably represents the "modernistic" element. All this work is quiet and restrained. None of it has the tremendous *gusto* which distinguishes Epstein's clangorous use of his medium, which suggests a kind of poster or scene-painter's habit. These paintings are *dynamic*. They look as if, indeed, they belonged to "this expanding universe"; the landscapes centrifugal, the flowers explosive—and all this, I know, is very much admired just now. People, I read, were queueing up on the first day not only to see but to buy—and good luck to the artist: *chaqu'un à son goût*; but the *goût* is not mine. Nature—the contemplation of landscapes—puts me constitutionally, I suppose, rather than habitually, in either of two states of mind: that of reverence, or that of awe—or what Burke would have called *the beautiful* and *the sublime*—in either case it stills me; others, like Van Gogh and here, now, Epstein, it excites. That is why they like sunflowers—Flora's greatest *faux pas*, I think. But with Van Gogh I feel that he was himself rather overawed by nature, hence there is a kind of *terribilità* in all his work. This Epstein—in my opinion—lacks, thus in his paintings falling between Burke's two stools.

Musings on the "modernistic" bring me to the three exhibitions at the Lefèvre Galleries, namely, the new paintings and drawings by Lucian Freud, Julian Trevelyan and Felix Kelly. I was relieved to hear that Lucian Freud is still young and not surprised to learn that he is the famous psychologist's grandson. A few more years and a little less Freud should—in my opinion—do this young man a world of good. At present Chelsea buns, scarlet zebras and other such irrelevancies disturb his Freudian blood; and a few more years of study will help to convince the beholders of his art that what they see is what he wants them to see, since what they now see too often is something that looks like poor draughtsmanship. Nevertheless, "Still Life with Chelsea Buns," "Baby Rabbit," "The Lobster," and especially the "Scotch Thistle," show that there is something in him as regards design, colour and draughtsmanship

## CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS

worth educating. But it would do him good to punch the psychological back to where it belongs: the subconscious.

Julian Trevelyan's paintings suggest that a similar advice might conceivably do him no harm. But that, again, is only my opinion. I am, constitutionally again, a little averse from auto-psycho-analysis. Trevelyan is a colourist of unusual gifts; but his mind seems to me restless, with the result that his pictures are to me like a small craft at its moorings in stormy waters: they lack rhythmic movement and concentration within their frames, which in themselves are spotted and restless. But his colour is grand and deserves better treatment in respect of the design as well as the clarification of the subject-matter. Even if one thinks of that in terms of music there should be a consistent mood in each picture, which I find lacking. By contrast with these two artists, the New Zealander, Felix Kelly, is sanely and engagingly romantic in his almost Victorian landscape compositions. They are, in a different medium, pale, but not anæmic. "Ferry House, Twickenham," "Sunday Afternoon," and the curious "The Nun," seen against an empty monumental pedestal, is strangely moving.

Now we reach another world in Mr. Eugene Slatter's Old Masters' Exhibition called "Life and Still Life in the XVIIth Century Netherlands"—reaching from Pieter Aertsen, who in the last third of the XVIth century started the vogue for "Kitchen" and "Breakfast" pieces, down to the long popular Philips Wouwerman, an artist who had to be represented by at least one picture in every collection of any pretensions. The National Gallery has eleven. And he is, and remains, an exceedingly good painter in spite of the tiresome repetition of his famous white horse—here for once replaced in his design by the white blouse of a peasant woman.

There are charming things in this show—a sun-flooded "Cobbler's Workshop" by Quiryn Brekelenkam, which will delight a wider public because of its interest in the subject-matter. A delightful "harmony in grey," Still

Life by Peter Claesz, of 1641, should be compared not only with Heda's somewhat similar picture, but with Claesz's own "Déjeuner," of 1627, if one wishes to see the tremendous artistic progress Claesz made. I have no room for many of the other attractive pictures in this show, because I wish to dwell on a picture called "Sunset in the Mountains," by a painter who perhaps overtopped all his contemporaries—so far as genius is concerned. This was Hercules Seghers (about 1590 to about 1640), whose work is rare and must not be judged by his Dutch landscapes in Berlin; or, at least, not only. Here, for instance, we see a totally different kind of painting, done, it seems, with the palette knife, quite unorthodox in design, even in subject-matter, which has no human or, indeed, any other conventional "interest." Obviously a thing done to please himself. To find something comparable one must go to one of his unorthodox etchings, the "Landscape with Waterfall," in which one will find in the right-hand rocky foreground something comparable. In this show the singularity, one might call it "other worldliness"—though not in a religious sense—of Hercules Seghers stands out almost brusquely and holds one's mind in spell.

And now, as usual, I have no room to notice a show of over five hundred exhibits—viz., the R.B.A., except to say that amongst the pictures which interested me were Stephen Spurrer's light-hearted water-colour (48), oils by John Copley, Sylvia Gosse, Dennant Moss, R. O. Dunlop, L. S. Lowry, Nevinson, Kirkland Jamieson, Otway McCannell, Alex de Hadeln, water-colours by Richard Sedden, R. J. Howard, and some excellently efficient war-work lithographs by Ethel Gabain.

I must also note some fine, decorative Flower Pieces and Still Lifes by a young French artist, Mlle. Le Bourgeois, at the Brook Street Galleries; they are a little summary but not superficial. Her father, M. Pierre Le Bourgeois, a professor of architecture, shows a small number of nude studies.

## RARE HELMET FOR THE NATION

The National Art-Collections Fund has acquired from Sir Edward Barry, Bt., D.L., of Ockwells Manor, for presentation to the Armouries of the Tower of London his rare example of a XIVth century visored bascinet. Although they must once have been very numerous on the battlefields of the Hundred Years War, helmets of this type are to-day of the utmost rarity and greatly prized. Less than twenty specimens complete with their visors are recorded. Their pronounced profile has earned them the nickname of "pig-faced," but the form is not arbitrary, and has been carefully thought out to present an acute glancing surface to an opponent's weapon. The sights and breaths (at the mouth) are carefully protected by being boldly boxed outwards. In the XIVth century these helmets were called "houn-skulls," an amusing instance of English soldiers' slang, being a corruption of the German term "*hundskugel*" (dog-head). This is an early specimen of its kind dating from the middle of the century; the visor is hinged from the brow instead of being pivoted at the sides as in most later examples. This is *par excellence* the helmet of Froissart's chronicles and the Ballad of Chevy Chase.





# CASTLE HEDINGHAM MUG

By F. BRAYSHAW GILHESPY

THE polychrome decoration of the moulded mug illustrated is carried out mainly in green, with some of the animals in brown; it bears an applied mark<sup>1</sup> on the base, E. BINGHAM, surmounted by a castle, and "MADE IN ENGLAND" incised. An illustration of this mark and an account of the Pottery, which Bingham directed from circa 1864 to 1899, may be found in the *New Chaffers*, XIVth Edn., p. 909.

A point which puzzled me was that the "Made in England" appeared to enjoy more than usual prominence and effectively disposed of any claim to antiquity, but the point was cleared up by the circumstance of the friend who found the mug for me having been educated at Felstead School, near Castle Hedingham in Essex. He had heard a good deal about Bingham from his masters, who were no doubt interested in the fact that he had successfully combined the work of Potter and Schoolmaster. He was told that Bingham became so expert in imitating Continental and Oriental glazes that some of his work has been accepted and sold



CASTLE HEDINGHAM MUG  
In the Collection of F. Brayshaw Gilhespy

as "foreign." This ran counter to his extreme love of truth, and it was in order to prevent the possibility of any recurrence of this mistake that he so plainly marked his productions with their country of origin.

<sup>1</sup>The applied mark can easily be lifted off with a knife, which may add point to my remarks.

## BOOK REVIEWS

REMBRANDT, SELECTED PAINTINGS, with an introduction and notes by PROFESSOR T. BORENIUS. (The Phaidon Press.) George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 20s.

This first large plate edition of the paintings of Rembrandt by the Phaidon Press has two valuable features: a compact and scholarly introduction by Dr. Borenius, and the generous scale of the reproductions (including some new detail photographs especially valuable in the great crescendo of Rembrandt's latest period), which allows a close study of the paintings. These are in contrast with the small and often unsatisfactory reproductions in the Introduction. Dr. Borenius lays stress on Rembrandt's place in the art movements of his time, as a baroque artist, and on his wide knowledge of European art, and Italian art in particular. Rembrandt had a representative collection of prints by and after Italian masters, including the complete work of Mantegna. Two of the most "illuminating juxtapositions" are shown in the introduction, an engraving of Leonardo's "Last Supper" and a drawing made from some reproduction of it by Rembrandt in 1635, also an engraving of the Virgin and Child (Mantegna) and Rembrandt's etching of the Virgin and Child with the cat (1654). How is it that Rembrandt will follow another artist so closely as he does in these instances, seeing that, if anyone, he was not deficient in inventive faculty. This (Dr.

Borenius concludes) is a mystery, and all I can say is that similar remarks are suggested by the work of many other great artists. This source of plagiarism (in the words of another authority on Rembrandt) is "as laudable as the musician's use of some earlier motive, and its transformation into his own idiom." Rembrandt is one of those painters whose evolution takes them very far indeed from their starting-point. This Phaidon Press selection represents him magnificently, though naturally not exhaustively. We can see his development from about 1629 to the last painting in the year of his death in 1669. Between these two dates his growth can be followed, almost from year to year, in his salient works, from the early realistic work with its almost illusionist quality to the monumental power of his last phase. In the group of self-portraits alone there is the change from the undisciplined display of the earlier portraits to the pitiless truth of the later.

The book also includes three early lives of Rembrandt, none of which has hitherto been available in English, by a contemporary, Joachim von Sandrart, who was in personal touch with Rembrandt at Amsterdam about 1637-42; by the Florentine, Filippo Baldinucci (who died in 1696; and by Arnold Houbraken, a Dutch painter who brings us extremely close to Rembrandt through handing on anecdotal tradition. The total picture given is vivid, and of decided value. J.

(Continued on page 8)



# FRANK BRANGWYN—THE NEW BOOK, AND SOME NOTES ON HIS WORK

BY A. M. HIND

ONE of the most vivid pictures of Brangwyn's personality has recently been published in "Brangwyn Talks," conversations recorded by his young friend, the artist William de Belleruche. The lack of self-consciousness displayed by the author lends to it something of the Boswellian touch. If it includes much that is trivial, this is no reason for complaint, for the trivialities of these informal talks set into relief remarks of real penetration and insight, which touch life in general almost as much as art and artists. The conversations cover only four years, 1933-1936, a period in which the pivot of interest was the foundation of the Brangwyn Museum at Bruges (for which William de Belleruche was largely responsible), and it is to be hoped on that account that episodes of other dates will be treated similarly in later volumes. The book is produced most attractively, in a limited edition on hand-made paper, and it is embellished with a delightful series of pen sketches by Brangwyn, many of them taken from letters to the author.

A few quotations will illustrate the entertaining character of the conversations better than any criticism. Brangwyn's own attitude to his Boswell is pleasantly expressed in the artist's foreword: "Now that I have read this book, I feel I want to murder Belleruche and burn his manuscript, but this would be a somewhat drastic proceeding. As he has recorded things in intimate talks with a sincere admiration for my poor efforts, the only thing I can say is: go ahead and may God bless this venture." And now for the extracts:

ARTISTS IN PARIS (pp. 17, 18)

"Everyone seemed to have some definite ideal. They worked because they couldn't help it. There existed an atmosphere between artists in my youth, which to-day has completely vanished. Everyone excited one another to work. Troubetskoy, for instance, would walk into a restaurant in Montmartre, and (shall we say, for argument's sake) meet your 'Old Man' [i.e., Albert



STUDY FOR AN AMERICAN RECRUITING POSTER  
in the War 1914-18. Black and red chalk



STUDY OF AN OLD FARMER, Seated. Black and red chalk

de Belleruche] seated at a table having a spot of grub. He'd invite him to a game of dominoes. Then another fellow would come along, perhaps a painter, who'd knock off a sketch of them at their little game, what?" Brangwyn smiles as all sorts of things pass through his mind. "That's the kind of atmosphere we knew in our youth—and a dashed fine one—which made everyone anxious to get on with the job . . . anything was painted, things that cropped up in everyday life, and some of the fine paintings of the Impressionists were inspired by a little dinner in Montmartre." He pauses a moment to clear his throat. "Ah, those were wonderful days for an artist to live in—WONDERFUL!" He continues to let his memory flow back. "Manet . . . now, here's a man who was inspired perhaps more than any other by café life. The thing that annoys me so much is when you hear people say . . . 'Oh, so and so was fortunate in having a good model. . . . If Manet hadn't found the fat old man drinking a glass of beer he would never have had that *reclame* with his painting *Le Bon Boc*.' Well, all that's rubbish. There are hundreds of good subjects to paint . . . the trouble is people don't use their eyes . . . don't look around them or use their imagination. Damn it, if I wanted to take a stroll down the village this very moment, I bet you I could bring back a string of old stagers who'd make a good study to paint. But they're getting rare. Life is full of material for artists and always was."

RENOIR (p. 37)

"When I was a young chap, I used to think nothing of Renoir. There were no qualities in his work that appealed to me and I just couldn't stick him. But now I realize he's a fine artist. The only thing is, they laud these fellows up too much." Looking at the reproductions [in a book on Renoir], and pausing in front of a voluptuous nude "I find Renoir makes his flesh look wormy . . . a greasy sort of look it has about it, what?" he remarks, shaking his head. "Here we are—at it again! One shouldn't criticize. It's your fault, asking



STUDY FOR THE FRONT WALL OF THE ST. AIDAN CHURCH MOSAICS, LEEDS  
Black chalk, pen and sepia wash

me these questions . . . and if one criticizes, one also admires, as there is good in most things. One is prone to criticize those one loves . . . it's the silly over-praise or condemnation one reads that at once starts one criticizing. Damn criticism, anyway! It's of no use . . . the job is done . . . then get what pleasure you can out of it. To criticize it isn't going to alter it anyway. But when old Delacroix paints a nude, he creates round it an interesting environment—Renoir merely paints a nude . . . and the only reason he has is to make it look nude—damned nude!"

#### HIS ACCEPTANCE OF DISAPPOINTMENT (p. 79)

"Don't let's talk about those House of Lords Murals any more . . ." he breaks out. "I've done the work and enjoyed doing it . . . I loved doing the work and for me that was all that mattered." Pausing a moment: "I just wanted to have my panels hung in a hall where they could be seen to advantage." Then, almost whispering through his beard: "Swansea has got them and I'm delighted. Although, mind you, I always have in mind the building, when I do decorative work, and I sort of made the Panels for the place . . . but don't let's look back on this."

#### ON VARIOUS ARTISTS (p. 83)

Brangwyn leans forward and rests his elbow on the table. "Now Delacroix and Ingres are like Tintoretto and Titian. I prefer the former, but many people prefer the latter. Yes, many of them look down on Tintoretto. Now Delacroix was like Tintoretto . . . the 'flame,' and Ingres like Titian . . . the 'orderly statement finely done.' Another example of a creative artist is Blake. The difference between a fellow like Blake, and, shall we say . . . Gustave Doré, is that Doré painted facts and is therefore the more understood by the public . . . Gustave Doré could paint Adam and Eve in paradise with palm trees . . . Blake would have a vision . . . Doré had no vision but imagination, and interpreted things he saw around him."

#### ON REMBRANDT AND HIMSELF (p. 85)

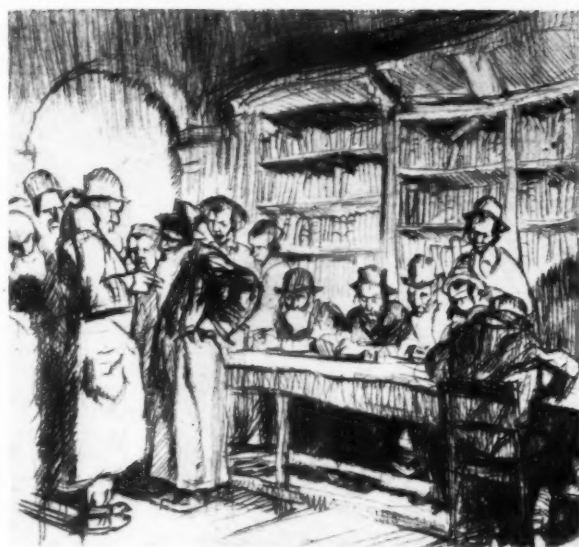
"When you come to look at Rembrandt's etchings, some of them are very small and yet they're ENORMOUS. But I'm now talking of one of the greatest artists of all time . . . REMBRANDT—he's a GIANT." "And what about your etchings, Mr. Brangwyn?" "Well, they could never be compared to the great Rembrandt." "Many people have done so. People who have written about your work . . . Verhaeren the poet, Lambotte, Maclair and many others." "Well, they may think so—it's nice of them, but foolish."

#### ABOUT GROCK, AND FEELING IN ART (pp. 131-132)

"That was Grock, right enough. It's not every clown who had this gift. . . . No—something's born in you that you can't learn . . . something inexplicable that has the power of sending off a whole audience into shrieks of laughter. Old Grock was a true artist who did things without any effort—like the painter who knocks off a sketch in one sitting—and when you look at it you wonder how on earth he's done it! Yes, these are gifts that are only accorded to a few—and you usually find that those who've been picked—don't know anything about it." "Is it genius?" "If you like to call it so. You see—there are many clever people in the world, but cleverness is *nothing* if there's no feeling. This applies to Art—Music—Literature, and every damn thing under the sun that moves you in life. It doesn't matter *what* you do. If you don't *feel* the thing—it's better to leave it alone."

Brangwyn's words reflect a generous spirit and a genial artist, more akin to the great painters of the Renaissance than to the typical artist of to-day. This is especially so in the extent of his activity, of which both the usual appreciator and the not too rare detractor have little conception: for both think of him for his occasional canvases or panels, full of varied colour, and for the large etchings of buildings, notably of bridges, so large, in fact, that the limitations of present-day life make it difficult to place them. They leave out of count a remarkable number of

FRANK BRANGWYN



Six reproductions of Brangwyn's work from *L'Ombre de la Croix* (Jerome and Jean Tharaud), "as vivid as anything Brangwyn has done . . . provoking comparison with Rembrandt"





mural decorations in America as well as Great Britain,\* and an astonishingly rich *œuvre* as etcher, wood engraver and lithographer, reaching to several hundreds of subjects in each medium, and including a great variety of illustrations and decorations of books. The energy required to cope with so great a number of large plates, blocks and stones is as astounding as in the work of Piranesi. But there are equally good, and even more vivid, things among the smaller prints, as, for example, the series of over seventy etchings and dry-points illustrating an *édition de luxe* of Jerome and Jean Tharaud's *L'Ombre de la Croix* (Paris, Editions Lapina, 1931), a remarkable book depicting Jewish life in a remote Hungarian village, and in a place of Pilgrimage in Poland. The plates, of which six reproductions are here given, are as vivid as anything Brangwyn has done in the representation of life, with a dramatic sense and a characterization of types that inevitably provoke comparison with Rembrandt (however much Brangwyn may deprecate the honour). The study of this series will go far to modify the usual estimate of Brangwyn's work.

I have referred to Brangwyn's generosity, and this has been notably exemplified by his recent gifts to the British, the Fitzwilliam and the Ashmolean Museums. The British Museum has received about a hundred fine drawings, and several hundreds of prints. His drawings show him as remote as can be from the modernist world, and entirely in the great tradition, in which Augustus John is almost the only other equally outstanding figure in England. Brangwyn has been far the more prolific and varied in his production, with no less distinction in draughtsmanship, but his unflinching devotion to his work, added to a retiring disposition, has perhaps kept him freer from the limelight of journalistic criticism.

Four examples of his drawings in the British Museum are here reproduced. A most vigorous sketch in black and red chalk, evidently from the life, is that of the *Sailor Rowing*, a study for an American recruiting poster in the War of 1914-18. The second example is a remarkable sketch from the life of an *Old Farmer*, in black and red chalk, in which one feels the master's emulation of the qualities of Dürer's drawing. The *Religious Procession* that follows (black chalk, pen and sepia wash) is a study for the composition of the front wall of the decoration of St. Aidan's Church, Leeds, which was carried out in mosaic, a subject of Venetian dignity. And finally a charming study in black chalk of a *Woman Seated on the Ground* (seen from two angles), squared for transfer, in character more akin to the genius of Watteau.

In conclusion, I would refer to two works of deep religious significance, i.e., the superb series of large lithographs, *The Fourteen Stations of the Cross*, done about 1935,† and *Scenes in the Life of St. Francis*, a series of drawings on which the artist has for some time been engaged. Let us hope that the latter will be made accessible in good reproduction, and provided with a text



TWO STUDIES OF A WOMAN SEATED. Black chalk

worthy of the subject and the painter. They are much smaller than the *Stations of the Cross*, which are essentially fitted in strength and size for the decoration of chapel or cloister. But in spite of Brangwyn's seventy-seven years they show no diminution of intellectual vigour and imaginative power.

\*Among the most important are those of the Rockefeller Centre, New York, the Missouri State Capitol, Parliament Building, Winnipeg, the Court House, Cleveland, Carpenters' Hall, Skinners' Hall, Christ's Hospital Chapel, and St. Aidan's, Leeds (mosaics).

†They were reproduced in small, with commentary by G. K. Chesterton (Hodder & Stoughton, 1935).

## BOOK REVIEWS (Continued from page 3)

### LEONARDO DA VINCI: HIS LIFE AND HIS PICTURES.

—By LANGTON DOUGLAS. (University of Chicago Press; in England, Cambridge University Press.)

Studies of Leonardo in the present generation have often been specialist researches on his drawings, his MSS., his anatomical or mechanical genius, or the pathology of his temperament; the present book has the advantage of return to the older, more comprehensive accounts of him, but may also have the advantage of the light thrown by intervening investigations of recent scholars.

The account of the formative influence of his contemporary surroundings upon his mode of life and his migrations is excellent, also the tracing of the later wanderings of his possessions and the vicissitudes of their appraisal and rejection by critics of various generations. No recent volume is better at this.

The deficiency, on the other hand, is the attempt to isolate the history of specific works with little reckoning of the intellectual ferment in his own evolving and tempestuously battling mind. The effects of environment are better traced in his external behaviour, and not so well followed in the mind peering out from his pictures. But that second function of the Leonardo student is the more difficult, and perhaps the time is not yet come.

The value of the book thereby seems to fall well below that of Sir Kenneth Clark's writings, which are the English counterpart.

The author attributes to Leonardo more pictures than are commonly called his, and it will be very interesting to critics in various countries to ask whether he is right in swinging back the pendulum from recent tendencies to deprive Leonardo of a few "possibles."

The book must be read in conjunction with the new "Phaidon" volume on Leonardo reviewed in these pages, whose reproductions are superior; if it is also read with the Clark volumes it will provide perhaps the best general introduction to Leonardo as painter. It has the advantage of clearing our heads of much of the older traditional sentimentality.

MARTIN JOHNSON.

Private Collectors may come across the specimen they are seeking with the help of a small advertisement in the Collectors' Quests column. The price is 30/- for three insertions in successive issues of about four or five lines. Single insertions are 12/6 each, but three or more are advised. Particulars of the specimen required should be sent to the Advertising Manager, 34 Glebe Road, Barnes, London, S.W.13. Telephone: Prospect 2044.



# ENGLAND'S FIRST SPORTING ARTIST:

FRANCIS BARLOW (1627-1702)

BY GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.Hist.S.



A DECORATIVE PAINTING twelve feet long, by FRANCIS BARLOW, in Lord Onslow's Collection

NO artist could have chosen, or rather have had chosen for him, a worse time to be born than the third decade of the XVIIth century. The Civil War between King and Parliament started in 1641. Van Dyck died. The Commonwealth hated art and pictures as the devil hates holy water. What few English artists there were either voided the country of their own free will or Parliament's.

In 1660 Charles II brought in his train a troop of foreign artists. The restored nobleman had had, for the last ten years, little else to do but study Dutch art, then at its zenith.

But adversity is often said to be the mother of genius. It certainly was in the case of Francis Barlow, born in Lincolnshire about 1626. Little is known of him with any certainty. He was rediscovered by the late Walter Shaw Sparrow, and where he has garnered a mouse will starve. Barlow was probably a mild royalist, as far as can be discovered. John Evelyn alludes to him in 1656 as "a famous painter." His friends in after life were certainly royalists. His greatest works were done for Mr. Denzil Onslow of Pyrford, Surrey, whose brother was created a baronet in 1660. He enjoyed the patronage on the other hand of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. Though it is nowhere recorded that he ever followed his fellow artist and friends, Hollar and Faithorne, into exile, it is hard to believe he could have learnt to paint birds like those he did for Onslow anywhere but in Holland. All we know about him are odd scraps from Vertue's notes and a few letters to Evelyn, the spelling of which is remarkably original even for those days. He alludes to Dookes, Geases, Patriges, Feasonts, Torkeyes and Woodecokes, and Dorsett for Datchet Ferry on his racing prints. Though bad spelling sometimes goes with an Eton education, a fact my unfortunate typists will readily vouch, it is most probable in Barlow's case that both his spelling and painting were self-

taught. Vertue tells us that he had lessons from "Shepard a face painter to the court." For the rest we must turn to his works. But what do they reveal on examination?

Probably the greatest natural artist England has ever produced. He could not paint hounds as well as Snyders, or birds as well as Hondus or Hondekoeter. His horses are inferior to Ridinger, nor does his engraving come up to Wachsmuth's. But we must remember he was an untaught man, a country yokel born into a most inauspicious age, driven from pillar to post to keep the wolf from the door. How different might have been his fate had not Evelyn scorned his application for patronage! His work might have received the recognition it deserves and he might have founded the English Sporting School, an honour which fell to Wootton, fifty years his junior.

His first known work is a head of Princess Elizabeth,



SHOOTING PLOVER. By FRANCIS BARLOW. In the Collection of E. T. Tyrwhitt Drake of "Shardeloes"

daughter of Charles I, etched by himself for "Electra" of Sophocles, published at The Hague, 1649. Was Barlow there at the time? He was working at the Drum, Drury Lane, in 1652 for the poet Edward Benlows (1603-1678), etching for his "Theopelia" from pictures by Faithorne.

He might have gone to The Hague in 1645 with Faithorne and returned with him in 1650.

Barlow unfortunately suffers from a rough note left by Vertue, wrongly copied by others, which states "that had his colouring and pencilling been as good as his draught, which was most exact, he might have excelled all that went before him." The rest of the note makes it clear that Vertue had never seen his great pictures at Clandon Park or Shardeloes.

Walpole turns this, "His colouring was not equal to his design, consequently the prints of his work did him more honour than the works themselves." Gilbey repeats this in different words. I prefer to take the word



THE LAST HORSE RACE RUN BEFORE CHARLES II BY DORSETT (DATCHET) FERRY, near Windsor Castle. 1684. Etched by BARLOW, 1689



SHOOTING ON THE WING



OTTER HUNTING

THE EARLIEST ENGLISH SPORTING PRINTS. Designed by BARLOW, etched by S. GRIBELIN N. YEATES for Blome's "Gentleman's Recreation," 1686

## ENGLAND'S FIRST SPORTING ARTIST

of John Evelyn, who saw his Clandon pictures and that he was a great artist.

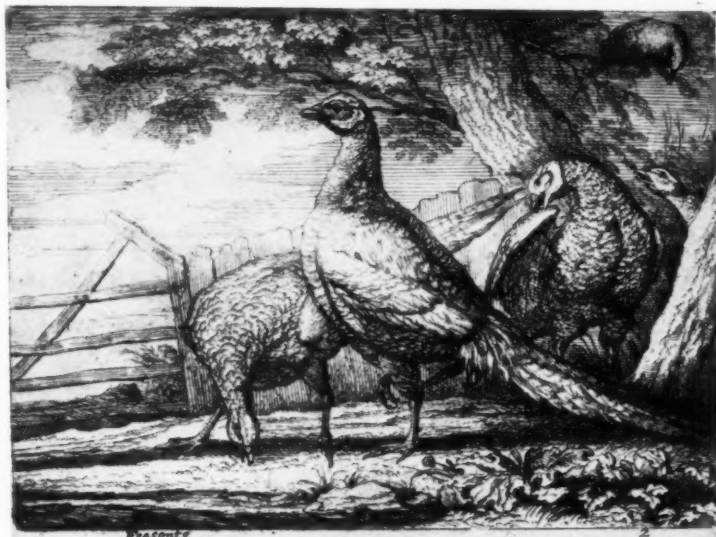
Vertue adds that he owed much to Faithorne and Hollar's engravings. This is not true, as Barlow's engravings of his own pictures are often superior to theirs. His best known work is book illustrating. He had a profusely illustrated edition of "Æsop's Fables" printed at his own expense in 1666, but nearly the whole edition perished in the Great Fire of London.

Barlow's claim to fame does not rest on his bird pictures, in which he is excelled by contemporary Dutch artists, but on his sporting prints. These were done for two books, "Several Ways of Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, according to the English Manner," 1671, etched by Hollar and Bullard, and Blome's "Gentleman's Recreation," 1686.

Blome employed some very bad etchers to save expense, but fortunately Barlow found time to etch some of the plates himself. These illustrations are the first English sporting prints ever executed, and are the foundation on which all his successors have built.

In 1687 he published the first print of English racing, "The Last Horse Race run before Charles II by Dorset Ferry" (misspelling for Datchet Ferry). It is a fine design giving much detail. Below Windsor Castle is a rough grandstand, in which are the King and some of his court; behind it, his coach and six with a troop of Life Guards waiting, while Beefeaters line the steps. In front of it are the scales. Four sorry jades have just started. The foreground is occupied by noblemen on horse and foot; and the Derby Dog! The peculiar four-barred gate he puts in so many of his pictures is seen on the left. The jockeys look far too big for their mounts, but it must be remembered racehorses were only about 14.2 hands in those days.

Barlow's best pictures are at Lord Onslow's Clandon Park and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake's Shardeloes. They are very large, some of the birds and fishes being life-size.



PHEASANTS. A small etching by BARLOW,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $\times$   $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., from the Series in the British Museum, *Multæ et Diversæ Avium Species* (n.d.)



PORTRAIT OF JAMES DUKE OF MONMOUTH  
13 in.  $\times$  10 in., by BARLOW

The landscapes are boldly painted. Though the colours have rather sunk, they are very fine.

At Clandon there is a frieze picture of life-size, of Southern Hounds pursuing a hare, which, owing to their slowness, dwelling and yowling on the line, has caught them up from behind! Beneath one of these pictures is the ghost of a life-sized horse. If it was no better than some in the "Recreation" it is not surprising Barlow gave up and painted it over.

He painted many other things, including an ox 19 hands high and 3 ft. 6 in. across the hips. He designed the Duke of Albemarle's hearse and executed twenty-two drawings of his funeral.

He did, amongst others, a fine portrait of this Duke.

Much of his work was done in Indian ink and colour wash. He does not seem to have founded a school. I find no trace of him in the work of his successor, Wootton. Nevertheless he was the first Englishman to blaze the trail for Archibald Thorborne, Charles Simpson and Peter Scott in the aviary, for Wootton, Alken, Giles and Edwards in the hunting-field, and for Stubbs, Marshall and Munnings in portraiture, and the yet unborn artists will no doubt be influenced by his genius.



# SOME CONTROVERSIAL CERAMIC PRODUCTIONS CHIEFLY CHELSEA AND DERBY

BY G. M. CAVENDISH

IN view of recent articles in *APOLLO*, it is hoped that this account of part of a private collection will not appear presumptuous, but the writer feels that there may be many points of interest to readers who have followed the reviews of more authoritative writers on Ceramics.

Possibly many will not agree with the classifications, but bearing in mind the differences of opinion even among experts, the writer is not inclined to be dogmatic on any of these points.

A most interesting specimen is a pair of Chelsea figures (Fig. I). The group consists of a youth and girl in balustraded bowers with candlestick holders. The youth has bird and hound at foot; the girl with bird-cage and lamb. The youth has a turquoise green cloak lined with purple, a floral waistcoat with yellow lapels, pink breeches and yellow shoes with brick-red flower.

The girl has a turquoise green cloak, a pink skirt with gilded flowers, a purple under-skirt and corsage, pale yellow shoes with brick-red flower, brick-red hat.

Mr. Hobson reviews on page 39 of his catalogue of porcelain in the British Museum a somewhat similar piece, of the youth only, so that it may be that the existence of the mate to his group is not generally known. In the Museum group the youth holds the bird-cage, or as Mr. Hobson describes it, the lantern in place of the bird; and there are no bowers nor is there plumage on the youth's hat. The overall height of this group is given as 8.3 inches, which would be about the same as the former specimen if the bowers were missing. Is it

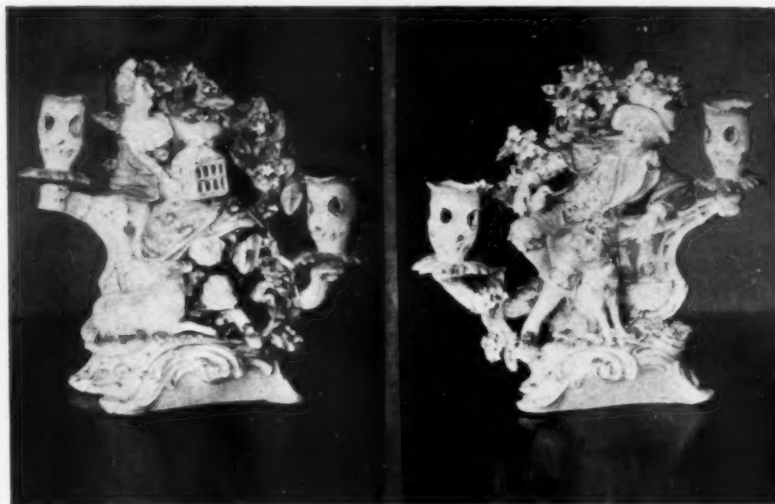


Fig. I. CHELSEA. The youth is similar to the British Museum piece (Hobson's catalogue, page 39), but with some variations of detail

possible that the Museum pair had been broken and the youth group made up with the bird-cage of the missing girl group? This possibility appears worthy of consideration.

Fig. IIb is an item from the collection of the late Dr. Diamond. It is the figure of a seated boy, 7½ inches high, representing Taste from a set of the Five Senses. He wears an apple-green coat lined with orange, pale yellow breeches with purple flower decoration and a white shirt. A Chelsea-Derby group of the Five Senses is illustrated in the Cheyne book, but these are more ornate and bear lacework, which was not introduced until the Chelsea-Derby period.

In the *Burlington Magazine* of December, 1926, an



(a) (d) (b) (e) (c)

Fig. II

- (a) Chelsea-Derby. A hoop is missing from the right hand
- (b) Derby. "Taste", from the set of the Five Senses, assumed to be earlier than the Chelsea-Derby group in the Cheyne Book
- (c) Chelsea. *Æsop's* Fox and Fowl, possibly quoted in the Duesbury 1770 Catalogue
- (d) and (e). Old Derby. Gilded Leopard and an ungilded Cat, possibly 1750



# SOME CONTROVERSIAL CERAMIC PRODUCTIONS

illustration was shown of a bagpipe player which Messrs. Rackham, Read and Honey attributed to Derby of the early 1760's, and the modelling of this specimen is remarkably like the above-mentioned figure of Taste. In view of these comparisons, it is reasonable to assume that "Taste" is an earlier Derby specimen than those illustrated in the Cheyne book. Incidentally there is in existence another version of the sense of seeing, than as represented in this book, by a boy with a spy-glass; the other portrayal is of a girl looking into a hand mirror.

Fig. IIc shows a Chelsea figure from *Æsop's Fables*, the fox and fowl. Groups of



Fig. III

- (a) CROWN DERBY. Modelling similar to Haslem's Chelsea-Derby pair (No. 101, The Grotesque Pair)
- (b) CHELSEA-DERBY. The Haymaker, incised mark No. 198 corresponding to Haslam's group number
- (c) CHELSEA or CHELSEA-DERBY SHEPHERDESS
- (d) Resembling "Winter" in the Crown Derby "French Seasons." Herbert Allen collection. The model illustrated bears the Dresden crossed swords



Fig. IV

- (a) and (c) CHELSEA-DERBY Dresden Shepherd and Shepherdess, incised No. 55, and Joseph Stable's gilding mark, incised No. 2
- (b) BLOORE CROWN DERBY. Indian Prince, with the Crown mark and Derby in red

*Æsop's Fables* have been illustrated in Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson's "Old English China." These were candlesticks and of a different portrayal. However, in Mr. Duesbury's 1770 catalogue of his sale of old stock of Chelsea china, a large number of groups of fables were quoted, so this specimen is probably of this origin.

Fig. IIa is unfortunately incomplete. The seated man should be holding a hoop in his right hand. The group is a Chelsea-Derby one. The man is dressed in an apple-green coat lined with pink, a pink

Fig. V

- (a) and (c) CROWN DERBY Biscuit Busts of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Wellington. Modelled by JOHN WHITAKER between 1830 and 1847
- (b) Biscuit figure from George Cocker's Derby factory, 1830





Fig. VI. Early DERBY. The Fiddler, possibly from the Chelsea model. Marked No. 26 in puce and a faint mark No. 11, possibly that of William Taylor, the gilder, late XVIIIth century

floral waistcoat edged with lace, breeches of yellow with gilt stripes. The stool on which he sits has a claret cushion and gilded legs. The dog is dressed in a pink coat, and its hat, which the man is holding, is like the man's, edged with lace.

Figs. IId and e show two very old Derby animals, a leopard and a cat, which were in the collection of the writer's great-aunt, the late Mrs. Mundy of Markeaton Hall, Derby. Both animals have pale orange and black spot markings. The cat has no gilding, which makes it a probable 1750 specimen, but the leopard has slight gilding on its base which dates it as of later manufacture.

Fig. IIIa is a Crown Derby figure from the collection of the late Mr. Hyam. The modelling of this figure, a boy eating porridge, is very much the same as the Beggar Boy and Girl of Haslem's Chelsea-Derby pair (No. 101, The Grotesque Pair). In this pair the girl is eating porridge and the boy carrying a basket of fruit. The specimen of



Fig. VII. EARLY CROWN DERBY. The Doctor. Mark similar to No. 8 on page 214 of Haslam's book

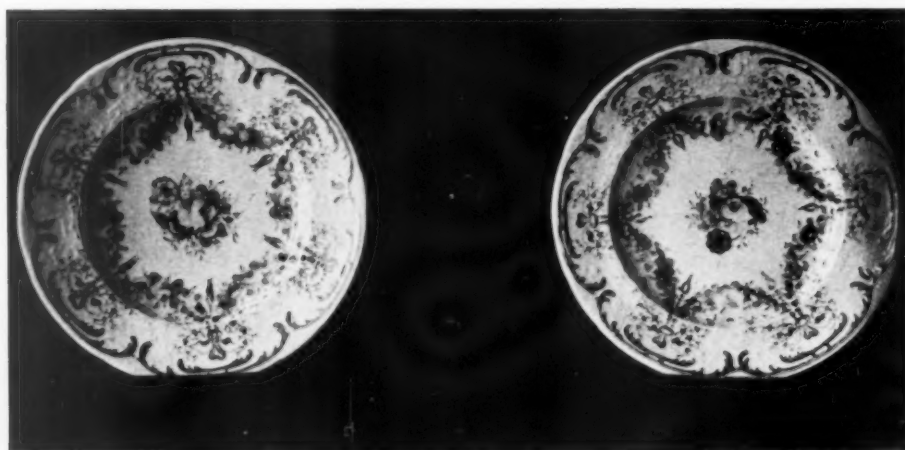


Fig. VIII. NANTGARW plates, with decoration similar to Billingsly's

the boy eating porridge is uncommon, although the Grotesque Pair is not rare, the writer having obtained possession of this pair without extreme difficulty.

Fig. IIIc is a rather rare specimen which is either a Chelsea or Chelsea-Derby Shepherdess, and possibly originally she held a crook. Her sleeves are turquoise-green, bodice claret, and floral skirt in yellow.

Fig. IIIb is a Chelsea-Derby figure

## SOME CONTROVERSIAL CERAMIC PRODUCTIONS

Fig. IX. Staffordshire Hinds  
The standing model is similar to that attributed to Voyez and Ralph Wood the Younger



Below :

Fig. X. Unmarked soft paste cobalt-blue box. Probably Crown Derby copy of Sèvres painted by William Slater, senior. c. 1820



of a Haymaker, who is carrying a barrel on his left shoulder. It has the incised mark No. 198, which corresponds to Haslem's group number for this figure.

The figure resting on one knee (Fig. III d) and carrying a bundle of faggots over his shoulder presents an interesting inconsistency in identification. It strongly resembles the representation of Winter in the Crown Derby French Seasons in the Herbert Allen collection. The only fundamental differences are that the angle of the head is not the same, and the left hand of my figure passes above the head instead of below it. Also my "Winter" has the incised number 122 (Mr. Haslem's number for Hercules) whereas the correct number for this group, and carried by the Herbert Allen collection group, is 123.

Another variation is that my model also carries the crossed swords of Dresden. Crown Derby examples of this forged mark are not common.

Figs. IV a and c are rather good examples of the Chelsea-Derby pair of the Dresden Shepherd and Shepherdess, with the correct incised number 55. There is also the incised number 2, the gilding mark of Joseph Stables.

The centre figure of Fig. IV, b, is later, but rather more rare. It is a Bloore Crown Derby figure of an Indian Prince with Mazarine blue coat. The figure has the

not-much-used mark of a Crown and the word Derby written in red.

The centre figure of Fig. V, b, is, due to its perfect condition, extremely rare. It is a 4½ in. high biscuit figure of a boy whose right hand is resting on a water pitcher standing on a rock pedestal. This is one of the models made by George Cocker about 1830 at his own small Derby factory. A model similar to this, but damaged through the pitcher being broken off, is in the Herbert Allen Collection. The left and

right figures of Fig. V, a and c, are also specimens that are not often seen. They are Crown Derby biscuit busts of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Wellington. This pair is an exceptionally fine example of the modelling of John Whitaker dated somewhere between 1830 and 1847.

Fig. VI was described by the late Mr. Hyam, from whom it was purchased, as an exceptionally rare Crown Derby figure of a fiddler, dressed in a Mazarine blue coat lined with orange and bordered in gilt, pink breeches with claret stripes. The hat and shoes are black.

The model is marked No. 26 in puce and bears a faint mark which appears to be No. 11. This may be the mark used by William Taylor, a gilder of the latter part of the XVIIIth century.

It is probable that this figure is from the Chelsea model of the fiddler mentioned by Lord Fisher in his article in the May-June issue of the *APOLLO*, and is the companion to the Woman with the Mandoline which is also referred to in that article. It is also similar to the figure in the Maypole group illustrated in Chelsea porcelain by William King.

An interesting Early Crown Derby figure is the doctor from the Italian Comedy (Fig. VII). This, as was one of the Chelsea models of the doctor, was formerly in the

(Continued on page 24)



# CHINESE ART (NINTH ARTICLE) PAINTING-IV

BY VICTOR RIENAECKER

The previous articles in this series appeared in APOLLO for December, 1943, February, March, April, May-June, July, September, October, November and December, 1944

It is in Ch'an Buddhism<sup>1</sup> that we must seek the very essence of the ideas which penetrate Chinese aesthetics and the clearest philosophical reflection of the Chinese attitude towards the art of painting, an attitude which, as Oswald Sirén has said, "broadly speaking, existed as an undercurrent since earliest times."<sup>2</sup>

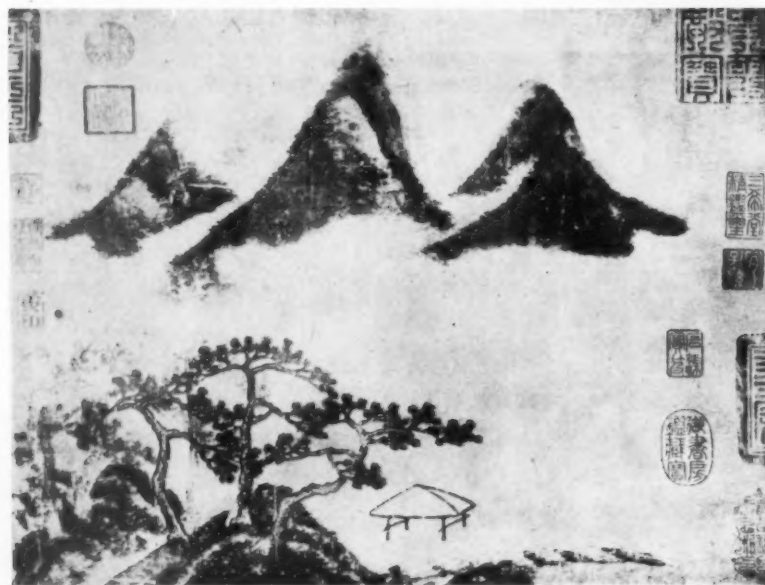
The Ch'an philosophers' manner of expression often seems vague and strange to the Western mind; their lack of formal intellectual analysis and systematic presentation is sometimes disconcerting. But those with the power of direct perception recognize in their writings a remarkably intuitive faculty. It is, in fact, useless to demand that their manner of presentation should conform to definite intellectual formulae. These writings are of primary importance for understanding the evolution of the Chinese attitude in regard to painting. As Sirén has pointed out, "It is practically impossible to draw a definite line between the aesthetic and the historical elements in Chinese writings; the Chinese themselves, in their discussions of painting, never made a definite distinction between these two aspects."<sup>3</sup>

The Ch'an Buddhists regarded intuition as man's highest faculty of perception, a kind of spiritual illumination which manifests only when the mental concepts and sense-impressions of personal life have been brought to complete silence by habits of appropriate preparation. Then occurs the mysterious revelation, called *wu* or *k'ai wu* (to become, to apprehend) in Chinese, and *satori* in Japanese. According to Dr. Suzuki, the greatest exponent of Ch'an, it means "the unfolding of a new world, hitherto unperceived in the confusion of a dualistically trained mind," a personal experience by which the whole outlook of life is changed. Many other expressions are used to define it; as, for instance: "the opening of the maid-flower," "the removing of the bar," or "the brightening up of the mind-works."

The aims and methods of the Ch'an masters, such as Mu-ch'i (fl. A.D. 1250) and other Ch'an monks, were not essentially unlike those of the most noteworthy of the landscape and bamboo painters who were active in the same period. They only carried subjective impressionism a stage further. It was natural, therefore, that ink-painting became in their hands the most subtle and immediate expression for their intuitive glimpses, which they felt to be entirely beyond intellectual definition. Thus the extreme Ch'an painters left no writings or critical observations about their artistic activity.



WU CHEN. Bamboo in the Wind  
Boston Museum



The Ch'an school of Buddhism was brought to China at the beginning of the VIth century by the Indian patriarch, Bodhi Dharma. The essence of the principles of the Ch'an teaching lies in the following words, traditionally ascribed to Bodhi Dharma:

"A special transmission outside the scriptures;  
No dependence upon words and letters;  
Pointing directly to the heart (intuitive mind) of man;  
Seeing into one's own nature and attainment of Buddhahood."

Whether this stanza was composed by the First Patriarch or later (as is more probable), it contains the essential meaning and method of Ch'an. At the end

Attributed to MEI FEI. Spring, Mountains and Pine Trees  
Palace Museum, Peiping



## CHINESE ART—PAINTING

of the VIIth century, the Ch'an doctrine was moulded into a characteristically Chinese form through the activity of the Sixth Patriarch, Hui-nêng (637-713), who came to be regarded as the founder of the Chinese "Southern School" of Painting. Hui-nêng possessed the special adaptive faculty of making the profound tenets of Ch'an Buddhism acceptable to the Chinese. The Ch'an students were no mere romantic dreamers or indolent nature-worshippers, but men of action accustomed to intense discipline and hard work. Ch'an monasteries were places of such extreme cleanliness and order that "neat as a Ch'an temple" became a common saying. The students were obliged to carry out regular field-work in addition to their mental exercises; "no work, no food," was the well-known dictum of Hui-nêng. The method of training was directed to the development of will-power and complete self-mastery which results when the higher nature of man is given control. Consequently the Ch'an training was also undertaken by statesmen and rulers, as well as artists and philosophers; it fitted them for life by developing the highest qualities of character. Among the members of the Imperial family of Sung many showed themselves skilful painters. Chao Ling-jiang, or Chao Ta-mien; Chao Po-chü, or Chao Chien-li, and his brother Chao Po-su, all flourished from the middle of the XIth century to the beginning of the XIIth century. Ch'an, in fact, became one of the most potent influences in the cultural life of the Chinese nation, and it grew into a widespread movement, fecundating the fields of art and social philosophy.

The reason for the recurrent success and tenacious perseverance of Ch'an Buddhism in China, where many of the other Buddhist schools gradually decayed and lost their hold over the native mind, may be sought not only in the inherent vitality and

flexible power of its message, giving it very broad and practical scope, but also in its close correspondence with indigenous currents of thought "which had their source in Taoism. The Chinese Ch'an masters were generally familiar with Taoist concepts, and they were at pains to present their teachings in a form more easily acceptable to their countrymen than other kinds of Buddhism in which the metaphysical and dialectical subtleties of Indian philosophy were more prominent. By their purposeful training directed to the cultivation of intense spiritual perception, these painters developed uncanny power to fix what Emerson has called "the momentary eminency of an object." This power, Emerson realized, "depends on the depth of the artist's insight of that object he contemplates. For every object has its roots in central nature, and may . . . be so exhibited to us as to represent the world." Thus "a squirrel leaping from bough to bough, and making the wood but one wide tree for his pleasure, fills the eye not less than a lion—is beautiful, self-sufficing, and stands then and there for nature."

Some Ch'an masters went so far in their endeavour to harmonize their teachings with the doctrine of Lao-tzu as to use the term "Tao" as a synonym for Buddhahood. One of them indeed declared outright: "Buddha is Tao, Tao is *dhyana* (Ch'an)."

Applied to the field of artistic activity, the knower becomes the object of his knowledge, the artist the thing he visualizes or conceives; and, if he possess the power of exteriorization, he will transmit in symbols of shapes or signs something which contains a spark of that eternal stream of life or consciousness which abides when outward forms decay. The small and the large, the high and the low become of equal importance. A single flower will reveal its secret as clearly as a whole forest, a grain of dust becomes as wonderful as a mountain. The lines of William Blake aptly crystallize what was the developed gift of the Ch'an poet-painters:

"To see the world in a grain of sand  
And a heaven in a wild flower."

This essential truth is illustrated in numerous sayings of the Ch'an masters; as for instance, the following by Yün-wu (1063-1135), a monk of the Sung period:

"One particle of dust is raised and the great earth lies therein; one flower blooms, and the universe rises with it. But where should our eyes be fixed when the dust is not yet stirred and the flower has not yet bloomed? Therefore it is said that it is like cutting a bundle of thread: one cut cleaves all asunder, and in dyeing a bundle of thread one dyeing will dye all in the same colour. Now, yourself get out of all



MA YUAN. A Moonlit Night  
Marquis Kuroda, Tokyo



SU TUNG-P'O. A stalk of  
Bamboo  
Private Collection, China

entangling relations and rip them to pieces but do not lose track of your own inner treasure, for it is through this that the high and the low, universally responding, and the advanced and the backward, making no distinction, each manifests itself in full perfection."

How can this elusive principle be made intelligible in words or visual shapes? In poetry, when it is no longer merely descriptive, but retains an echo of the thing behind the words; in painting when it is not imitative but a spontaneous record of the passing vision. It is evident that no kind of painting could be better suited to such expression than the Indian inkwork, which, by its very nature, requires absolute assurance in the handling. It must be laid on quickly and irretrievably, as the paper instantly absorbs the ink. Every stroke of the brush must be sure, for no subsequent correction or alteration are possible. This proficiency, therefore, demanded the most careful and assiduous training, both psychological and technical, because the brush-strokes became reflections from the mind transmitted by the skill of the hand. Indian-ink painting thus became the characteristically Ch'an practice. Its aesthetic significance has probably never been described more explicitly than in the beautiful words of Dr. Suzuki:

"Life delineates itself on the canvas called time; and never repeats, once gone forever gone; and so is an act, once done, it is never undone. Life is a *sumiye* (ink) painting, which must be executed once and for all time and without hesitation, without intellection, and no corrections are permissible or possible. Life is not like an oil-painting, which can be rubbed out and done over time and again until the artist is satisfied. With the *sumiye* painting any brush-stroke painted over a second time results in a smudge; the life has left it. All corrections show when the ink dries. So is life. We can never retract what we have once committed to deeds, nay, what once has passed through consciousness can never be rubbed out, . . . this fleeting, unrepeatable and ungraspable character of life is delineated graphically by . . . masters who have compared it to the lightning or spark produced by the percussion of stones."

Thus a Ch'an painting is a projection of that which exists in the artist's mind, a record of the vision that has flashed across the mirror of his soul. It may have been provoked by an incident or an object, but it is no longer the event or the shape that counts, but its repercussion, the indelible traces that it left on the mind. The thing itself becomes a vibration of life; how much it conveys or expresses will depend on the sensitiveness of the receiver and the immediate response of the transmitting instruments. No painter who did not possess a full command of the technical means could ever transmit such fleeting glimpses or momentary reflections from a realm beyond perception. The brush had to respond instantaneously and unremittingly to the pulse-beat of the creative soul; the material labour had to be reduced to a minimum, a few strokes or splashes which could serve to reawaken the vision in the beholder's mind.

"The works of the Ch'an painters might often seem lightly done, thrown down without the least exertion, but the suddenness of the execution would certainly not have been possible if the masters had not passed through a long and assiduous training. It was like the sudden enlightenment, the *k'ai wu* or *satori*, which comes on the spur of the moment, when the mind has been cleansed of all beclouding thoughts and attuned to the silent music that accompanies every manifestation of life. The painters called this *ch'i yün*, the 'spirit resonance,' or the reverberation of 'the Universal Mind'; they listened to it in the innermost recesses of their own consciousness as well as in every phenomenon of nature: mountains and brooks, winds and waves, flowers and falling leaves, all revealed to them a reflection or an echo of the Universal Mind. We may call this poetry, or pantheistic romanticism, but to these painters it was actual life and reality. The things that they did, grew out of their souls; they were part of their own life and character. It was no longer of importance what they represented, whether it was large or small, a whole landscape or only some fruits or flowers, if only it served to transmit some glimpse from a world beyond material limits of time and space like the enlightened mind of the creative master." In these revealing words, Oswald Sirén has seized the essential difference between mere chronicler and inspired poet.

The artists of monochrome ink-painting used their medium



In the manner of HSIAO CHAO. A Waterfall among pine-clad Rocks  
Boston Museum

in many different ways, some working with defining lines and contours, others with dots and splashes, but all striving to render those undefinable elements of space and atmosphere by which the forms of the objective world become parts of a greater whole. Their pictures Sirén describes "as visions or ideas projected from the consciousness of the artists and interpreted in values of rhythmic brushstrokes. Their relation to objective nature was a new one; they studied it and learned from it the essential elements of which their pictures are composed, but they did not aim at descriptive representation. Their ideal was rather to create like nature herself, to visualize their ideas in shapes of mountains, water, and trees, to make the pictures unfold or grow, as do things in nature, according to a certain plan or vision. They carried the whole thing over into the world of creative thought where the limits of material representation no longer hold good. Space became to them something more than the distance between two points, or the absence of forms; it became the element in which their creations unfolded, a reflex or symbol of the limitless world of thought. They made no efforts to define or to limit it, because it was the very substance out of which their pictures were made." As the artist's thoughts are co-ordinated in relation to his consciousness, "so are the forms balanced in relation to space; their significance becomes dependent on this relationship, on their power to reveal or to suggest the underlying consciousness which, in terms of painting, is equivalent to space. It becomes the most eloquent medium for expressing a reality beyond material forms."

These artists thus sought to reveal "the living spirit of things with a clearer beauty and intenser power than the gross impediments of complex matter allow to be transmitted to our senses in the visible world around us. A picture is conceived as a sort of apparition from a more real world of essential life." The spirit animating this aesthetic creed has perhaps found its most beautiful expression in Binyon's other words:

"It is always the essential character and genius of the element that is sought for and insisted on: the weight and mass of water falling, the sinuous, swift curves of a stream evading obstacles in its way, the burst of foam against a rock, the toppling crest of a slowly arching billow; and all in a rhythm of pure lines. But the same principles, the same treatment, are applied to all subjects. If it be a hermit sage in his mountain retreat, the artist's efforts will be concentrated on the expression, not only of the sage's features, but in his whole form, of the rapt intensity of contemplation; towards this effect every line of drapery and of surrounding

## CORRESPONDENCE

rock or tree will conspire, by force of repetition or of contrast. If it be a warrior in action, the artist will ensure that we shall feel the tension of nerve, the heat of blood in the muscles, the watchfulness of the eye, the fury of determination. That birds shall be seen to be, above all things, winged creatures rejoicing in their flight; that flowers shall be, above all things, sensitive blossoms unfolding on pliant up-growing stems; that the tiger<sup>8</sup> shall be an embodied force, boundless in capacity for spring and fury—this is the ceaseless aim of these artists, from which no splendour of colour, no richness of texture, no accident of shape, diverts them. The more to concentrate on this seizure of the inherent life in what they draw, they will obliterate or ignore at will half or all of the surrounding objects with which the Western painter feels bound to fill his background. By isolation and the mere use of empty space they will give to a clump of narcissus by a rock, or a solitary quail, or a mallow plant quivering in the wind, a sense of grandeur and a hint of the infinity of life."<sup>9</sup>

Here, then, is the point to grasp from the study of Oriental painting: we need to distrust the tendency of the Occident to set up an external objective standard, asking of a picture whether it correctly represents the things it portrays, instead of seeking to what service the materials have been used, and whether it corresponds to a real spiritual experience. Western art, like Western civilization, too often defeats its own end; in the thirst for reality it falls into indiscriminate acceptance, and loses or obscures essentials. "The art and the life of the East stand, with far more constancy, for a finely valuing choice."<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> The word Ch'an is an abbreviation of Ch'anna, the Chinese rendering of dhyana, a Sanskrit term which usually is translated into Western languages as "contemplation" or "meditation," words which, however, do not render the whole significance of Ch'an to the Chinese but only its meditative side. The Chinese also perceived its expressive or manifested quality.

<sup>9</sup> "The Chinese on the Art of Painting," pp. 3 and 4.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 5.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 107, 108.

<sup>12</sup> "Early Chinese Painting," Vol. I, p. 121.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 121.

<sup>14</sup> "Painting in the Far East," by Laurence Binyon, p. 11.

<sup>15</sup> When the tiger was presented simply as a royal beast, it was depicted in the colours of nature; but when conceived as a symbolic power, it was always painted in ink only. The white tiger is a beast of good omen.

<sup>16</sup> "Painting in the Far East," pp. 12, 13.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 21.

## CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, APOLLO.

Dear Sir,

I was interested in the article on English Porcelain, "A Worcester Rarity," by Dr. Severne Mackenna in your November issue.

An ancestor of mine was James Ross, the Worcester engraver, who executed many designs for the Worcester Porcelain Company over a long period of time.

Ross shows in his account books, which I have, that in return for work carried out for the Company and for Joseph Flight he often received china in lieu of a cash settlement.

Much of this china has passed down to my family; among the collection are two plates decorated in red and gold and marked as follows:

Flight & Barr  
Worcester

Manufacturers to their Majesties

There is a red anchor mark on the inside of the foot-rim of each plate; these anchors, which are dark red, differ from the anchors illustrated in Dr. Mackenna's article, although they do correspond in size to the blue anchors shown in the photograph. I thought that it might be of interest that both the plates in question bear the scratched "B" mark, which would place the date of manufacture between 1792-1803.

In this Ross collection of china is a piece which I have always considered to be very attractive; it is a Wall period eye-bath. As I have never seen such articles mentioned or illustrated in any work covering this period, I should be pleased to hear if they were in common use at this time.

Incidentally, this eye-bath was in daily use by a great-aunt until her death at the age of ninety-two, so that it is rather lucky that it has survived.

Yours faithfully,  
L. W. MALLABAR.

November 28th, 1944.

Dear Sir,

It is difficult to give any opinion on the Worcester specimens mentioned by your correspondent, in the absence of a more detailed description, but if the sketch be approximately correct, the mark is much less anchor-like than the blue anchor I illustrated in the November number, which itself is not remarkably "life-like," and I cannot help thinking, both from this and from the position it occupies "on the inside of the foot-rim," that it more probably represents a decorator's mark, perhaps a T. This view is further strengthened by the fact that the plates already bear two factory marks, the B incised and the full designation painted. It would be showing an extreme degree of guilelessness to add a pseudo-Chelsea mark to such a piece.

The mention of the eye-bath is interesting, but the existence of such objects is known, and I certainly have an illustration of a blue and white example somewhere amongst my books, although at the moment I have failed to find it. I imagine that such things were made in considerable quantities, and almost every factory at that period turned out every imaginable domestic and sanitary convenience, often richly decorated. The Stanley sale in 1942 included a pair of castor-oil cups which went unrecognized. They were of rounded concave form with a hollow stalk, the intention being that a placebo, such as whisky or lemon-juice, should be placed in the hollow stalk, the oil above (too viscid to displace the contents of the stalk), and finally a layer of placebo over the oil. The expectation was that this would ensure the oil being sandwiched between something pleasant during administration. Possibly the device worked!

Faithfully,

F. SEVERNE MACKENNA.

Droitwich,

November 30th, 1944.

[An illustration of the eye-bath referred to by Mr. Mallabar will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR.]

The Editor, APOLLO.

Dear Sir,

A correspondent wishes to know the origin of a milleflore paperweight marked P.Y.

These, I have been informed, are made in this country by Paul Ysart, a Belgian, and are far from rare, being produced in large numbers up to the beginning of the war.

I have about a dozen of these, but exclude them from my collection as they do not begin to compare with fine examples of Baccarat, St. Louis and Clichy.

Yours truly,

J. WARRELL,  
Colchester.

The Editor, APOLLO.

Dear Sir,

Lord Fisher in his interesting article, "Some Notes on the 1743 Chelsea Jug" in your December issue, raises the question as to who made the 1743 and 1745 "Goat and Bee" jugs.

He attributes these to Thomas Briand. Further on he discusses the probability that Sprimont and Gouyn joined in partnership, and taking over the factory, succeeded Briand in the manufacture of these jugs. Lord Fisher also mentions that Sprimont resided in London about 1741.

Is it not possible that the three men were in association as early as 1743 when the triangle mark is considered?

It is unquestionable that the triangle has from earliest times been used as a symbol of a trinity; in fact, it is difficult to devise any more appropriate mark to denote a combination of three.

This view is supported by the fact that when Briand left the concern, the triangle mark is believed to have been discontinued, that is, in approximately 1747, and it is then the variations of paste and workmanship began.

The fact that Sprimont may not have resided in Chelsea until 1747, if anything, still further strengthens the suggestion. While Briand was actively engaged as a member of the trio, it was not essential for Sprimont to live so near the factory. So that in 1747, in the interest of the manufactory, he had to move to Chelsea to take a more active part in the business.

Perhaps this explanation is worthy of further consideration, and is an answer to Reginald Blunt's quandary as to the significance of this mark, in his article entitled "The Chelsea of the China Factory," in the May-June, 1944, issue of APOLLO.

Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY M. CAVENDISH,  
Edge House, Glos.



# LATE GEORGIAN WORK-TABLES

BY JOHN ELTON

IT is surprising that the work-table proper, that is, a table fitted with receptacles for sewing and embroidery requisites, such as reels, thimble, scissors, bobbins, skeins of wool and silk, and a well for materials, did not take a distinct and recognizable form until the second half of the XVIIIth century.

In the late XVIIIth century, the small table with a lifting top and pull-out slide, to which a workbag or pouch was attached, makes its appearance. The treatment of the pouch is carefully indicated in Sheraton's works. In the *Drawing Book* the pouch is hidden by festoons of fringed drapery tacked to a rabbet, while in a second design the workbag, on a pillar support, is "ornamented with drapery festoons." He even goes so far as to define the obvious term "Pouch Table" in the *Cabinet Dictionary* (1803) as "a table with a bag, used by ladies to work at, in which they deposit their fancy needlework. The workbags are suspended on a frame which draws forward, in which frame is a lock which shuts its bolt into the under edge of the rail at the top."

The material is gathered into a bag with a shaped base, and close fringe finishes it. In Sheraton's later

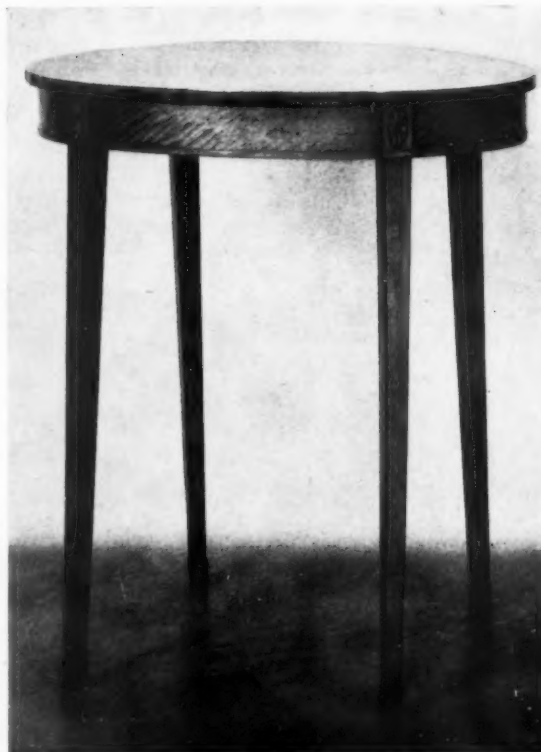


Fig. I. SATINWOOD WORK-TABLE, circa 1780, with the minimum of decoration



Fig. II. SATINWOOD WORK-TABLE, late XVIIIth Century, with a modern panel fitted; the legs rake outwards to ensure stability

phase, an open fringe with a network head appears in his designs. Sheraton also mentions by name a maker (McLean, of Mary le bone Street) who specialized in making work-tables "in the neatest manner."<sup>1</sup> In the many four-legged work-tables of mahogany and satinwood dating from the late Georgian period, the legs rake outwards to ensure stability, and there is the minimum of decoration—perhaps a shell or inlaid patera in the centre of the top or in the blocks above the legs (Fig. I). A work-table with elaborate painted decoration, such as the example illustrated in *APOLLO* (September, 1944), which has its frieze decorated with garlands, scrolls, and peacock's feathers, is a rarity. In this specimen, which is of satinwood, the fashionable festooned drapery is simulated in painted wood, caught up by knots. The four-legged type, the central pillar support, and that supported at each end appear during the late XVIIIth century, but the tripod form gained in popularity during the last years of the century. In Gillow's cost books for the year 1795, there is a sketch of a tripod pillar table with two extending leaves having rule joints and a small drawer under the top. Mention is made, in the early XIXth century, of tops of marble and scagliola,<sup>2</sup> an instance of the influence of French fashion, and a cross-

## LATE GEORGIAN WORK - TABLES



Figs. III and IV. MAHOGANY WORK-BOXES, Regency period, evidently by the same maker. The pouch of one has disappeared. Both on a vase-shaped support above a tripod stand, with brass paw feet with castors

framed work-table is illustrated in that quarry of information, *Ackermann's Repository*, for 1809, which is fitted with a marble top, while the pouch, instead of the usual silk or lustring, is of "a network of silk, forming a bag for ladies' work and trinkets." Two mahogany work-tables (Figs. III and IV), which are evidently by the same maker, show a cage for the pouch (which has in one case disappeared), and below it a vase-shaped support above a tripod stand fitted with brass paw feet with castors.

The interior of the top of the table (Fig. III) is fitted with an oval mirror, and numerous small boxes and compartments for sewing utensils, etc. There are stringing lines on the frieze and on the vase-shaped support.

There was scope for the skill and ingenuity of the Regency cabinet maker in devising work-tables combined with fittings for writing and games. In *Ackermann's Repository* for 1811 is shown a design for a table "comprehending seven different accommodations." It appears at first sight to be a convenient reading- or writing-table, but by sliding the desk off, a games table is disclosed. Underneath there is a silk pouch for needlework. This table was made by the firm of Morgan & Saunders, fashionable at this date. Several designs for combination pieces fitted with chess and backgammon boards are figured in George Smith's *Household Furniture*, and he writes that the interior must be "covered entirely with leather to prevent noise when used for play." The projecting ends (a feature of these pieces) contain concealed drawers which hold the chess and backgammon men. The castors are concealed in the plinth. In some

types, the upper surface is inlaid with a chessboard, but in others the chessboard-slide draws out, while the top is fitted with a rising desk, supported on a ratchet. In the United States the work-table (called a sewing stand), with its compartments for sewing materials and implements, was found in every well-equipped household, and several are illustrated in the *Masterpieces of Duncan Phyfe*. It was in America, also, that a later development in combination tables was advertised, in 1823, when an enterprising maker, Joseph Bonfanti, of 305, Broadway, gave prominence, among his other advertised ware for ladies' use, to:

"Musical work-boxes gay  
Who, while they sit working, will prettily play."

<sup>1</sup> "Cabinet Dictionary" (1803), p. 292.

<sup>2</sup> George Smith, "Household Furniture," Fig. 76.

Articles on "Old Furniture," by Lt.-Col. Sydney G. Goldschmidt, on "Arms," by Major J. F. Hayward, and on "Glass Candlesticks," by G. Bernard Hughes, are unavoidably held over, and will appear in forthcoming issues.

### ARMORIAL BEARINGS

Readers who may wish to identify British armorial bearings on portraits, plate or china, should send a full description and a photograph or drawing, or, in the case of silver, a careful rubbing. IN NO CASE MUST THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE BE SENT. No charge is made for replies.

# A DEFENCE OF THE PHILISTINE

BY HERBERT FURST

THE other day, in a small room of a small suburban villa, a room *pro tempore* mainly occupied by a Morrison shelter but still sporting two upholstered armchairs (and hence as inevitably called by my hostess "The Lounge" as a room sporting, amongst innumerable other impedimenta, a mantelpiece complete with a perennially silent clock, a pair of noisy vases and ditto candlesticks was formerly called a "parlour")—in that small room, then, I was suddenly subjected to an alarming display of "taste." Struggling under its weight, far too heavy for my hostess to carry, my host brought in a mysterious draped something. Ceremoniously unveiled, a gorgeous antique Silver Teaset, heavily ornamented and workshop-polished, went off before my eyes with the force of an explosion, a very shell-burst of opulence sparkling in silver glitter—the last thing I could have suspected in these surroundings. The explanation? My host, but yesteryear respectably poor, was, owing to the vicissitudes of war, now becoming respectably rich. So my friend to whom not so very long ago the possession of three pence posed the alternative of a meal and a walk, or a bus fare with an empty stomach, was now burgeoning into a man of substance. In token of this his newly acquired social status, which, as yet, he could hardly believe to be more than a dream, he felt the need for reassurance, for evidence more tangible, if less convincing, than the figures on his bank sheets. He therefore wanted something that was expensive, looked expensive but was also, shrewd man of business that he knew himself to be, worth its sheer weight in—the next best thing to gold.

And so—there it was, a William IV Tea Set. Having allowed my eyes, reverentially he imagined, to feast upon this splendour, he handed me each item, bidding me feel its weight, and then came to the inevitable question: "How much do you think it's worth?"

"It's Priceless," was my reply; and so, indeed, it was—to him; as priceless as a rag-doll to a little girl in whom the maternity instinct is awakening, and as natural, I thought, as I watched him *cuddling* his new toy with his eyes; for to him, as to her, the thing they were dandling was a symbol and a sublimation of their life's conscious or subconscious ambitions. So both saw not with their eyes but with their imagination; and if the little girl was seeing in her little bundle of rags bigger and better dolls, dolls that could walk and talk, my budding *nouveau riche*, spellbound by the mass of shining metal, was already dwelling in Marble Halls; otherwise he would have been unable to stand the crude incongruity of the 1820's in the suburbaninity of the 1930's.

Such, then, was the nature of his taste, and I want to defend, not it, but him—and his like. I think he is at least on the right track. And if he or his like thereby condemn themselves to a suite of *chambers of horror*, crammed full with such *objets d'art*, for the rest of his life, that is his affair, and not ours to meddle with. There is this point to remember: to him, at any rate in his present state of mind, they would not be chambers of horror, but symbols of fulfilment—the tangible fruit of wishful thinking. So he gets, and will continue to get,

much more satisfaction out of such "Art" than he would get were he to follow a taste which, however much better, would not be *his* own.

For the point always to bear in mind is that a work of art must somehow appeal to the imagination of the beholder, and that is to say not to his æsthetic sense only, but to his *whole* complex being; to his general experience of life and not only to one side of it. It were even better for him that he should lack the consciously æsthetic sense altogether than the other more vital one. That is the way of Art. Many artists gifted naturally with æsthetic sensibility have no conscious conception of the values *they themselves* are creating—values, such as the critic invents, names, and establishes. Were that not so then there would have been no æsthetic qualities in art before the advent of theorists, an assumption as absurd as to imagine that there would have been no poetry, no language even, before the advent of the grammarian and the prosodist.

Moreover, since Æsthetics means the philosophy of the perception of the beautiful, we must remember that to the philosopher *the beautiful* is in itself a purely objective concept which regards beauty as something that exists independent of perception. With such absolute notions we can have no traffic, since *our* perception, which has given rise to a belief in an "absolute," is itself a purely human faculty, and thus hedged in everywhere with human limitations.

In fact, it is these human relations which have created the idea of "the beautiful," with its infinite variabilities, variabilities so great as frequently to cancel each other out—except in the case of Nature whose infinite variety has room for the ugly within the beautiful, and the beautiful within ugliness; in other words, who does not speak our language, and, in fact, never addresses us at all: it is we who speak to her and hear as her voice but the echo of our own thinking. So, too, we may accept the philosopher's definition of beauty as *that which being seen pleases*, provided we apply it to the beautiful in nature, for there alone the *physical* act of seeing can find pleasurable satisfaction. Even then, however, man cannot be in a receptive mood unless his more immediate stimuli, such as his desire for food, for shelter, for his *security* in general, are at least momentarily silenced. Hence such natural *sights* as sunsets or "autumn glories" are the most widely experienced phenomena of *the beautiful* in Nature, because of their obvious and overwhelming splendour.

There is nothing in Art that corresponds to the force of this appeal, this quite un-human or a-human poetry, which the human poet, echoing his own limitations, merely diminishes, maybe even degrades:

" . . . thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence stricken multitudes."

Does that convey the colours of autumn, in which no yellow and no red is ever alone, but exquisitely graded



## A DEFENCE OF THE PHILISTINE

and matched with every other hue, and which of black knows nothing at all and little only of pallor? But "pestilence stricken multitudes!"—a poor tribute to pay to all this superhuman beauty. No; man must leave Nature out of it; it is Art alone which speaks his language, and so if we admire Shelley it is him alone we praise, and not Nature, as he himself saw Nature only with *his* mind's eye. What is strange, nevertheless, is that man himself creates beauty "naturally," i.e., without a conscious effort; makes things exquisitely beautiful that were not created for their beauty but for their *imagined* effectiveness in the fulfilment of his wishes, as bribes offered to the powers over him. In short, works of art are not always, nor necessarily, conceived as instruments of eye-pleasure, but always and necessarily as appeals to the mind. But what the mind perceives, and perceiving conceives, is entirely dependent on the quality of imagination. Mary's "Little Lamb," Una's "Milke white lambe," Blake's "little lamb," Van Eyck's "Agnus Dei," and the sheep to which the late Joseph Farquharson owed his fame and his fortune, all spring from an animal that to the butcher's eye is just potential mutton; and so not only the butcher but all others have founded their conceptions on what they saw *in*, not *of*, the animal. Nor should we jump to the conclusion that artists, at any rate, see with what we rashly call the artist's eye. Here, as in other things, it all depends on time, place, circumstance, on the whole of the artist's experience and the appeal the artist has in mind.

Perhaps, as Oscar Wilde would have it, only the critic is capable of judging or measuring the pleasurable qualities of a work of art because he alone, by long experience, has cultivated a complete sense of detachment; in other words, he has ceased to *feel* without thinking; he perceives only relations in the purely objective sense—irrespective of their meaning or the meaning they convey to those who are not so detached.

This brings us back to our friend the budding *nouveau riche*, whose William IV Tea Service would appear to the critic in a quite different light. He would see its "splendours" only in terms of relationship. The relation to its former "period," and its present environment, the relation to its possessor, as well as the purely formal relations of each article in itself and to the others. And for all he would only have, I fancy, two words: *bad taste*.

But if the critic, knowing himself to be only human after all, were to apply a little charity, he would judge it with deeper understanding.

The Tea Service, being of its time and place, was made, if not by, at any rate for, those who value riches, worship wealth; for those who count values in terms of cost. To such heavy weight implies *good* value, and heavy ornaments a further enhancement of weight. To stint weight or ornament would seem to them niggardly, would seem mean, would suggest the thing they most dread, *because they know it*—namely, want, of which they cannot bear to be reminded. Do they, therefore, deserve contempt? We do not know how long humanity has been on this earth, but we do know that for far the longest stretch of time humanity has lived in a perpetual state of want, of poverty, and all the fears that dire need engenders, a state interrupted only by short moments of fullness—its one desire. It could therefore rarely imagine that one can have enough of a good thing; it wanted more than enough, and to get it would sacrifice even life

itself—a dog's life, which one of the wisest of men (the first cosmopolitan, who asked for only one favour of others, namely, that they should stand out of his sun) preferred, and was therefore called a *cynic* for his pains—Diogenes. For the vast majority, however, enough has never been enough; it has always wanted more. Quantity rather than quality has counted. And for millennia the *beauty* of art was measured by just such standards. Remember Pheidias and his Chryselephantine gods, precious gold heaped upon precious ivory; remember the gorgeousness of Byzantine Splendour, which echoes still in the vestments of the Christian priest; remember the gold mosaics, the bejewelled madonnas; the lavish carving and gilding in Gothic or, for that matter, Indian art and architecture; or the superabundance of heavily carved and gilded ornament in baroque art. Even a Leonardo da Vinci regarded the feigning of *relief*, i.e., of solidity and weight, as "the first object of a painter". It is the quantitative standard of aesthetic in contrast to the qualitative measure of the Far East. At the back of all this quantitative evaluation lies the background, the memory of, or the constant dread of hunger, need, want, of poverty, in short, which tracked *Dives* to his very doorstep.

Can one, therefore, really blame those who have the *bad taste* to surround themselves with solid tokens of their wealth, of their *social security*, and thus to reassure themselves and re-insure themselves?

In accordance with this habit of quantitative evaluation, is the preference of those with *bad taste* for works of art which involve much *labour* and much time, and—"time is money"! They therefore think they get better value from the painting of, say, a flock of sheep than from only one of the species; but if it is to be only one then at least they want to be able to count every hair in its fleece. Nor does their argument lack authority. Holman Hunt painted thus, if not a sheep, at any rate a goat, and his Christ stands in the carpenter's shop amongst the wood shavings of which each one is individual, and thought that better art. And there is this to be said: if, in the quantitative sense, much detail is evidence of much labour, it is also evidence *as a rule* of careful, good craftsmanship and, without exception, of the respect the craftsman has for his craft. It may not be evidence of *good taste* to value meticulousness, but it answers better than the opposite extreme, so rampant to-day, when few artists and fewer laymen seem to realize that the more a master leaves out, the more knowledge he must possess. To-day we are apt to see work that pretends *good taste* on the grounds of little labour and less knowledge.

There is, however, one qualitative test that the man with allegedly bad taste invariably applies: he wants the work of art to tell him something, and something, of course, that pleases his imagination. Readers of a recent essay of mine will remember how greatly that arbiter of Taste, Sir George Beaumont, and other aristocrats were upset by the story told in Wilkie's picture called "Dis-training for Rent," because they, in Haydon's words, "evidently thought it an attack on their rights." Wilkie had committed the one stupidity: he made his work of art appear to threaten the patron's sense of security; instead of, on the contrary, reassuring him in his social position and in his good opinion of himself—a job so strikingly fulfilled by the maker of the William IV Tea Set, that even its owner in another generation could still sun *himself* in its glitter.

Practically the whole of pictorial art, at any rate in England, was given over to the telling of stories which, even if they did not directly flatter the beholder, left him, at all events, under the impression that all was well with his world. Hence the inferiority, the tastelessness of Victorian Art; for the man of taste knows, of course, that to judge a picture by its story is to declare oneself a hopeless Philistine. And that one undoubtedly is; but even so good a storyteller as Dendy Sadler was shrewd enough to leave it to the spectator to invent the meaning of "the Good Story" in the picture in the Tate Gallery that has that title.

Now, Dendy Sadler is the favourite of art-lovers who have no taste. The founder of the Tate Gallery was one of his admirers. Nevertheless, Dendy Sadler knew his job, which in that era was, again to refer to Wilkie, "To please his Employer"—the job of all artists who have employers, as ours to-day—apart from their war jobs—seldom have and profess not to want. They are, or want to be, above such sordid considerations. But are they so much better off, therefore, even in the moral sense? And above all, is their art so much greater? I doubt it, and the more so as quite by chance I find in my Sunday's paper the following two art criticisms proffered by professional arbiters of good taste. "In spite of the formidable volume of writings devoted to the elucidation of his work, Picasso remains an enigmatic figure." So the first critic. "Colquhoun . . . seems to be working out some self-set problem of shape and colour that I can't quite grasp." So the second.

I have these two observations to make: if it is wrong to tell a story with a picture, is it not far more wrong to have to wade through volumes of "stories" about the artist's art before one can even grasp what he is *after* and then have to confess that that still remains an *enigma*? The other observation is that in the second instance the man of taste frankly confesses that he does not know what the artist aims at except that he *seems* to be working out some unspecified and self-imposed problem of shape and colour, which the critic "cannot quite grasp."

So far as I can see, the only difference between an artist of bad taste and the other fellow is that the one has his problems of shape and colour set by the employer or the imagined expectations of his public; the other has his problems "self-set." Normally, of course, a man does not come before the public until he has found a *solution* for his "self-set" problem which he can demonstrate *ad oculos*.

Something has gone wrong with our problem of Good and Bad Taste, and not to fall into a like error I owe it to the reader to give him my *solution*.

It is this: enigmas and problems of all kinds are no concern of the public in general, which is interested only in solutions. The artists' eternal problems of "Shape and Colour" should remain a studio secret, to be discussed, at best, with fellow artists, as an Einstein may discuss the problems of Space and Time with his fellow scientists. The public at large is only interested and *only capable of understanding* the ultimate results. So far as taste is concerned, that, again, I suggest, is a matter more for the artist than for the public; both he and they have a right to their own taste; but to the public it is a matter of solution; the problems are all on the artist's side. No Giotto, no Van Eyck, no Titian, no Michelangelo

dared to offer the public "experiments" or anything that they themselves did not regard as at least colourable *solutions* of their problems.

And if the public have a taste that is bad, who is to blame? The artists, and they alone; for if there were no *bad* pictures the public could not *like* what it had never seen, since the public never likes *art*; it only likes ideas; "Good Stories," for instance, and if Dendy Sadler did not know how to tell them with *good taste*, Pieter Brueghel could have taught him; he tells them by the dozen, generally in a single picture. But the public does not like muddled ideas either, as when a Rembrandt fails to solve the problems of Portraiture and Picture-making—and fobs it off with a "Night Watch"—a glorious solution of Picture-making—leaving that of portraiture unsolved. Nor does the public like enigmas unless they are cross-word puzzles or detective stories, and even then their liking would evaporate if they were not sure that there is a solution.

To maintain that it is up to the public to understand the artist, and to put its indifference down to its bad taste is simply a confession of failure on the part of the artist, and to that extent the Philistine is justified.

## SOME CONTROVERSIAL CERAMICS

(Continued from page 15)

collection of the late Mrs. Radford. A noteworthy point is that although the modelling, paste and colouring suggest a much earlier date, the figure has the Crown Derby mark similar to No. 8 on page 214 of Mr. Haslem's book, which shows that it could not have been earlier than 1782.

Fig. VIII illustrates a pair of Nantgarw plates with floral decoration. In "Old English China" by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson is shown specimens of Nantgarw plates decorated by Billingsly, and the similarity between these and the above is most marked.

Four excellent specimens of Staffordshire Hinds are shown in Fig. IX. The standing model is very similar to the model illustrated in "Staffordshire Pottery" by Herbert Read and is attributed to Voyez and Ralph Wood the younger.

A specimen that has raised a great deal of speculation is an unmarked soft paste cobalt-blue box. It is heavily gilded inside and out. The front and back are illustrated in Fig. X. The workmanship of this painting is of an extremely high standard, equal to the finest examples of Chelsea.

It is reputed to have been painted by one of the Slaters. The first Slater, William, left Pinxton for Derby in 1813 while still an apprentice. The workmanship is of a much more expert quality than it is reasonable to suppose he was capable of at that time. Descendants of Slater left Derby for Minton in 1848, but as the box was in the possession of my family before that date, it would seem impossible for it to be of that manufacture, so that it appears that it is a Crown Derby copy of Sèvres China painted by William Slater Senior about 1820, although, contrary to this, other collectors have attributed it to Worcester, Chelsea and Sèvres.

# BOOKS BOUND IN HUMAN SKIN

AN UNUSUAL BIBLIOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION

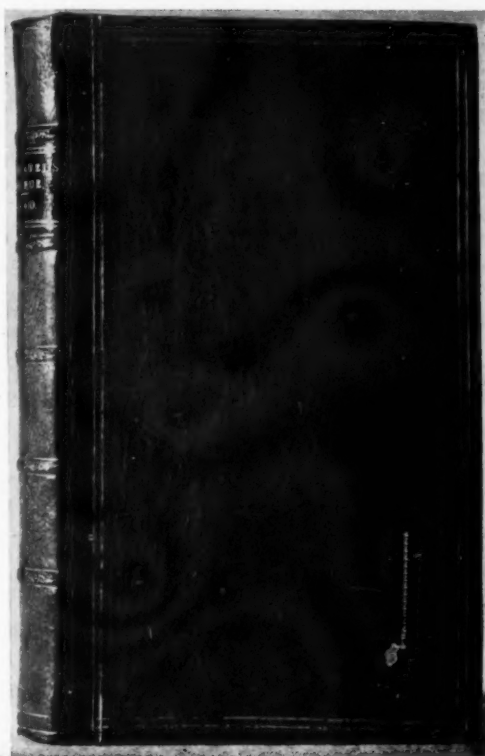
BY H. T. KIRBY

ALTHOUGH some readers may be inclined to doubt the statement that books have been bound in that most macabre of all materials—human skin—book collectors are well aware that such bindings do, in fact, exist. The specialist knows, too, that these items, far from being rare, are quite considerable in number. Further, if all examples are not definitely authenticated, a fair proportion of them at least are duly certified by responsible authorities.

So recently as 1932, for instance, a London bookseller catalogued a volume of medical tracts by Albinus. The book, quarto in size, was remarkable because, amongst other things, it contained the earliest anatomical engravings printed in colour. Printed in Holland in the early XVIIIth century, it was bound in leather said to have been tanned from human skin. In the centre of the cover was a silver plaque on which was worked, in profile, both the face and the skull of a negro. Accompanying these twin portraits was the name of the artist, Ladmiral, and that of the book's one-time owner, Hans Friedenthal. Such an item was naturally expensive and it finally went to America, at the list price of something over one hundred pounds. An illustration of this strange volume is given by Blumenthal in an article contributed to "The American Book Collector" some twelve years ago. The writer of this contribution himself handled the catalogue (No. 574) which recorded, under entry number 305, this bizarre specimen.

When the effects of a well-known north of England collector were auctioned many years ago, the following appeared under "Lot 10." "A most curious and unique book, being the particulars of the Trial and Execution of Charles Smith, who was hanged at Newcastle for murder, containing a piece of his skin tanned into leather for the purpose."

The "leather" for the majority of English books bound in this way came from the bodies of executed criminals. This is quite understandable when it is recalled that at one time such corpses passed to the medical schools for dissection. It would seem, therefore, that when a lasting memento of some celebrated criminal was required, the easiest way was for the surgeon to remove and preserve a portion of skin from the body in his charge.



Machiavel's "The Prince" (1640 Edition), bound by a medical man from the skin of a patient "who had no further use for it"



Bound in the skin of William Corder, the notorious Red Barn murderer, this book contains, not only the surgeon's certificate, but also the record of a contemporary Drury Lane incident

The skin of Thurtell, who was executed in 1823 for the brutal murder of Weare, is said to have been tanned and was once publicly exhibited, as was part of the skin of Cadwallader, who was hung for wife-murder at Hereford in 1816. It is not known whether either of these specimens ever bound books, but it is at least possible. However, we now turn to examples the authenticity of which is supported by documentary evidence.

William Corder's connection with the Red Barn murder is so well known by the melodrama of *Maria Marten* that almost everyone is aware that the capital sentence was publicly carried out at Bury St. Edmunds in 1828 for the crime just mentioned. Less well known, perhaps, is the fact that a book was bound in a portion of his skin. The volume is still in excellent preservation, and the texture of the binding is not unlike a good quality pigskin. Inside the book is the certificate of George Creed, a surgeon of the West Suffolk Hospital who removed and tanned the skin for binding. Also pasted to a fly-leaf is a record of an incident which happened at Drury Lane Theatre on the evening of the same day. *Macbeth* was the play, and when the lines "Is vengeance done on Cawdor?" were declaimed by Macready, a voice from the gallery is alleged to have exclaimed, "Yes, he was hung this morning at Bury." Corder's execution created such public interest that the London coach was actually kept back in order that the passengers might have the pleasure of seeing Corder turned off. The rope (the hangman's perquisite) subsequently sold for a guinea an inch. About a year ago, strangely enough, the brief



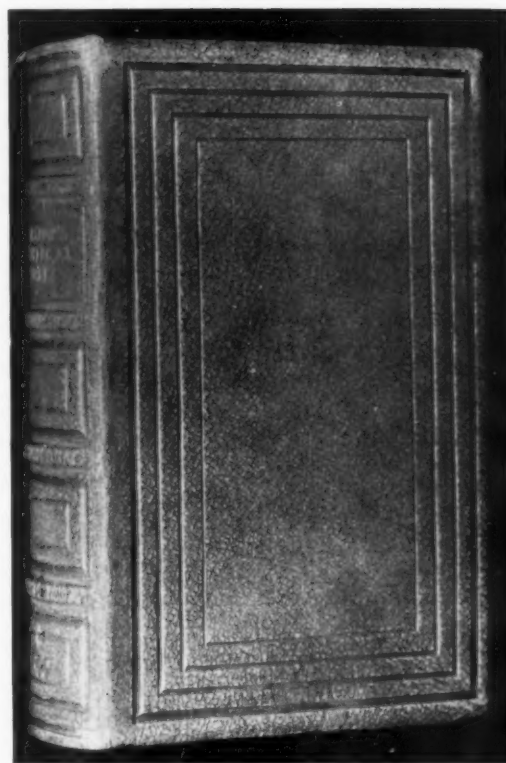
for the prosecution was discovered, with Counsel's fee marked at six guineas.

Some seven years earlier than Corder, John Horwood was hung at Bristol. In his case, too, a volume was bound in a portion of his skin which had been prepared by Richard Smith, then senior House Surgeon to the Bristol Royal Infirmary. A neatly written statement in the book (made up of papers, etc., relating to the trial and execution) certifies its genuine nature. Of the binding it may be said that—although now badly worn—it was once a most impressive piece of work. In the centre is a heavily tooled impression of a gibbet, whilst the lettering "Cutis Vera Johannis Horwood" sufficiently indicate the nature of the leather, and other emblematic tooling depicts the skull and cross-bones. This item is perhaps at once the largest and most important English book in this category. A portrait of the criminal, taken after death, is included, and adds to the realistic character of the grim relic.

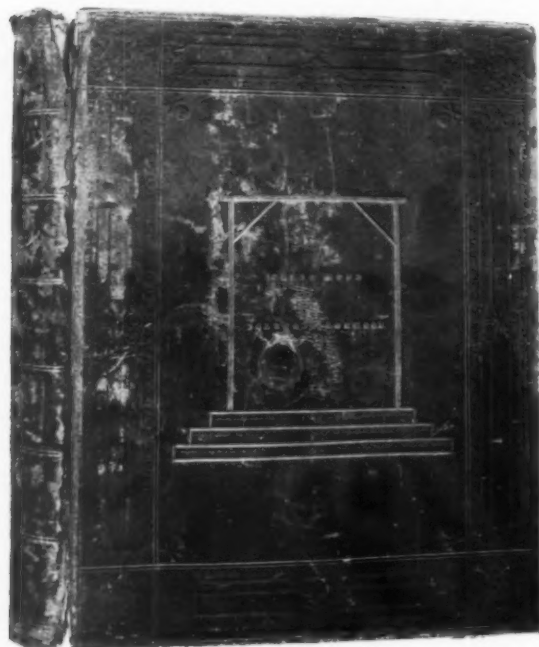
Two years after Corder's death George Cudmore, a Devonshire man, was executed for "murdering and poisoning" his wife. Part of his skin, too, went to cover a book which is now in the possession of the City Library, Exeter. Compared to the "Horwood" book the binding is plain in the extreme, and the tooling is of a most simple design. Inside the volume is a remarkably complete statement of the affair, the details supplied not only mentioning the murderer, but also recording the names of the Judge, Sheriff, Under-Sheriff, County Clerk and Coroner. It also informs us that Sarah Dunn—who was tried with Cudmore—was acquitted.

In Bath Municipal Library is a volume of Machiavel's "The Prince" (1640 edition) bound in human skin. The subject from which the cuticle came is not known, but the late Michael Oppenheim, M.R.C.S. (the distinguished Naval historian), who took the skin from the body, does at least record that it was taken from the back of a patient "when the subject had no further use for it." That the book is in excellent condition is shown by the photograph reproduced here. The binding is not impressive and is suggestive of the work of a provincial craftsman.

Bristol, mentioned previously, also houses two copies of "Votes of the House of Commons" bound in human skin. The story has been told in full by Mr. James J. Thomas, who was (in 1925) the Librarian of the Bristol Law Library (where the book



In excellent preservation, this book is bound from the skin of George Cudmore, a Devonshire criminal



This elaborate binding was prepared in leather tanned from the skin of John Horwood. Impressed on the cover is "CUTIS VERA JOHANNIS HORWOOD"

was kept) and appeared in the pages of *The Western Daily Press* on November 21, 1925. Briefly put, it seems that when the Horwood volume was bound there was some skin left over and it was from this surplus that the books quoted were bound. There was not sufficient leather to bind the whole of the volumes, so that only the sides were covered, ordinary sheepskin being used for the backs.

That sober paper, *The Edinburgh Review*, in October, 1866, quoted that during the French "Reign of Terror" copies of Paine's "Rights of Man," distributed amongst the populace, were bound in the skin of executed persons. Carlyle, when referring to "Le Contrat Sociale," said: "The French nobles laughed at the theory, and their skins went to bind the second edition of the book." Such skins were treated at the famous tannery of Meudon. A copy of "The Constitution of 1793" is alleged to have been bound in skin taken from the loins of Princesse de Lamballe, after her body, dragged through the streets by the mob, had been subjected to every sort of indignity.

Love takes many strange forms, but it must surely be unusual for a love-lorn lady to leave part of her skin to the man she loved, asking him to use it to bind up one of his own works. Yet it is recorded that a beautiful French Countess, on her deathbed, urged her medical attendant to carry out this strange bequest. The skin, duly taken from her attractive white shoulders, was afterwards sent to the man she loved—in this case, Camille Flammarion, the noted astronomer. Finally a copy of his book, "Terres du Ciel," was bound in this delicate leather, a suitable inscription being stamped on the cover to explain the circumstances. Blumenthal gives an illustration of the book, which is dated 1882.

To-day bibliography is such an exact science that no doubt the history of "Vellum Carnis" as applied to bindings will, sooner or later, be fully explored. When adequately treated it will surely form one of the most bizarre of all bibliographical bypaths!

ANSWERS TO  
CORRESPONDENTS

## PORCELAIN AND POTTERY

Morton (Sheffield). I regret that I am unable to trace the letters on your hand-painted plates, G. F. J. and S. and Z. The last two letters are said to appear, sometimes one, sometimes the other, occasionally on Lowestoft porcelain, but I have never heard of Lowestoft with a pierced edge, such as you describe. The mark G. F. J. is not given in Chaffers' *Marks and Monograms*, so it is probably that of a more-or-less modern factory, too late to be recorded. You do not say whether your plates are pottery or porcelain.

Jenkins (Halifax). The marks given as those used by the Woods are: "R. Wood, Burslem," and also the rebus mark on the figure of Apollo, a group of trees shown on the base; and "Ra. Wood, Burslem." The first two are generally accepted as those of Ralph Wood, senior, the last as that of the younger Ralph. Enoch Wood used his name in full, as also did the firm when he was in partnership with Caldwell. "Wood and Caldwell" is usually impressed. The impressed mould numbers in a list given by Mr. F. Falkner are a useful guide and often the only mark on Wood models.

M. H. (London). Josiah Spode was born in 1733. In 1749 he was apprenticed to Thomas Whieldon, became a master potter in 1762, and purchased the present works at Stoke in 1776. In 1779, William Copeland was taken into partnership. Josiah Spode, the son, born 1754, was sent to London to learn salesmanship under Copeland at a new warehouse opened in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and only returned to Stoke to take over the pottery at his father's death in 1797. From this date he carried on a successful business until his death in 1827.

Richards (Bolton). The B scratched on the back of your wheel-pattern Worcester plate is the mark of Martin Barr, who had sole management of the works about ten years from 1793. A printed B. is sometimes found as a variant from the cursive letter. Occasionally the letters "B. F. B." for Barr, Flight and Barr, are carelessly scratched in the paste, also in cursive lettering.

J. J. L. (Preston). Unfortunately the most useful books to the collector of pottery figures are out of print, but you might be lucky enough to obtain one or more through the secondhand trade. I recommend the following as most useful and well illustrated: *Astbury Figures*, by Cyril Andrade, privately published, if I am not mistaken. *Early English Figure Pottery*, by Sir Harold Mackintosh, Bt., Chapman and Hall, 1938, £1 1s. *The Earle Collection of Early Staffordshire Pottery*, by Major Cyril Earle, T.D., A. Brown & Sons, Ltd., London, Hull and York, 1915. The last-mentioned book contains illustrations of hundreds of figures from those of Ralph Wood onwards, with description of each in the text.

Piddock (Southport). Your cups marked with a roughly drawn star, the letters M. C., and the word Thun, are the product of a manufactory at Thoune or Thun, in the canton of Berne, but the date is not known. Chaffers tells us the factory did not last more than thirty or forty years. The mark sometimes also includes a Crescent.

Bowers (Moston, Manchester). Thank you for the photograph and mark relating to a porcelain figure you have recently purchased. The mark does not appear in Chaffers' *Marks and Monograms*, either under Germany or elsewhere, and I suggest it is the mark of some modern German factory. The nearest marks I can find are—a crown over a lozenge containing the word "Saxe"; a letter "M" over a crown; and another "M" contained in a seven-sided outline. The first mark is that of a firm named *Meyers und Sohn* who imitated Dresden. Of the last two marks, Chaffers writes: "The marks given above occur upon certain German productions which the writer has not been able to trace; they are of slight merit, and are simply calculated to attract the collector of marks."

Twemlow (Aigburth, Liverpool). It is quite possible that your dinner service in blue and white is Herculeanum ware; but you will appreciate that it is impossible to judge without seeing and handling. I would suggest that you examine carefully each piece for a mark. Only one or two pieces in a service were marked as a rule, and the Herculeanum did mark much of their pottery, though seldom porcelain. The mark would be the words "Herculeanum" or "Herculeanum Pottery," painted or impressed; or a small impression of the Liver bird. You do not say whether your service is porcelain or pottery.

Marshall (Bridlington). The large cats you mention are, I should judge, not very old. In these fireside or chimney ornaments dogs are certainly more frequently seen than cats, but I don't regard them as collectors' pieces. It is true that even these later products of Staffordshire are enhanced in value at the present time. I have seen a pair of the ordinary poodles for sale at thirty-five shillings; the pre-war price would have been about seven shillings and sixpence.

Marshall (Bridlington). The Chinese female figure in white is probably that of *Kuan Yin*, the Goddess of Mercy. *Blanc de Chine* is an ivory white porcelain, highly translucent, with a smooth, glossy glaze. We have a seated figure of *Ho Shang*, a fat, laughing gentleman, in this medium, stamped with a seal mark.

J. T. (Disley). The Elers Bros. were Dutchmen, who settled at Bradwell about 1690. They imitated Chinese earthenware and succeeded in producing a red ware, and made teapots, etc., of a greater delicacy than the ordinary wares of the period. They were famed for their fine decoration of figures and geometrical patterns applied to the surface by means of metal stamps. Unfortunately they used no mark, and it is impossible to distinguish their pieces from those of their imitators.

Ormerod (Buxton). "Scratched Blue" is the term used to describe the first decoration applied to salt glaze about 1740. The simple pattern (sometimes merely straight lines) was incised or scratched into the surface of the piece, then a form of cobalt oxide was brushed into the incised lines, resulting in a pattern in blue on the grey-white object. A fellow collector has a salt glaze arbour group, the back of which is decorated in scratch blue, the only such specimen known.

H. B. L.

## FURNITURE

H. G. (Ipswich). I enclose a photograph of an oak chest, and I should be glad to have your opinion about it. It is 2 ft. 3 in. high, 3 ft. 8 in. long, and 1 ft. 8 in. wide, and it is held together by wood dowels, some of which project slightly. There is a small tray inside.

I see nothing in this photograph to suggest that it is anything but an authentic Elizabethan chest with carved uprights and rails on marquetry panels. The slightly projecting pins are what one would expect, as their grain runs the opposite way to the rest of the construction and would resist wear. The price you mention is a low one, and a dealer ought to be glad to pay more than £20 for it.

## PAINTINGS

H. R. C. (Cirencester). Can you give me any information respecting the painter Richard Hilder, as to his birth and death dates, and if he was an exhibitor at R.A. or others? Directories of painters do not mention him.

Richard Hilder, a painter and etcher, exhibited at the Royal Academy and the British Institution, 1830-1851. He painted landscapes of Herefordshire as well as Kent and Surrey. He was a brother of P. John Hilder. No further information is known.

A. H. (Knaresboro). The reference books do not reveal the name of J. Fiorino as a painter of biblical or any other subjects.

J. S. G. (Reading). No reference can be discovered to a Florentine painter named Boschi. Opinions on paintings cannot very well be expressed without viewing them; the sale room prices published in *APOLLO* should be scanned for values.

E. L. (London, N. 16). No trace can be found of the name of Beresford Egan in any reference books.

## DELFT

E. J. V. (Frome). I have just been left a pottery Caudle cup and cover which is in perfect condition, and I believe Lambeth Delft, approximately 11 in. high, 9 in. across (not including handles). Pair of fairly flat handles, and narrow, fairly straight spout in middle of body; it is decorated in three colours, green, puce, and blue, with sprays of flowers, etc., the handles and spout having blue stripes across them. I have looked through the sale room prices of a large number of my *APOLLO*'s, but cannot trace record of one being sold. I am wondering if you can tell me if they are very rare when in perfect condition, and any idea of its market price?

The polychrome Lambeth Delft Caudle cup and cover, if it is not inscribed or dated, would fetch about £15 to £20. It is hard to give a definite opinion without seeing the object. The 1939 prices would be doubled to-day. At that period, prices, especially for Delft, were very low indeed. Prices are higher now owing to the shortage of goods and not to any new collectors, or fresh interest in the subject. The best selling objects are the small bottles, inscribed and dated cups and bowls in polychrome. It would have to be a very good piece indeed to fetch £25 to £30.

# SALE ROOM PRICES

November 9. Decorative and English Furniture and Porcelains, CHRISTIE'S: part of two Worcester services, tea, £17 and £20; Limoges dinner service, £27; Chinese cloisonne bowl, £16; pair Chinese cloisonne enamel figures of cranes, £121; Regency mahogany toilet mirror, £17; Sheraton mahogany sideboard, £50; Sheraton sideboard, £40; Chippendale tripod mahogany table, 10½ in., £44; another with octagonal top, £34; three Heppelwhite chairs, one arm, £44; pair Heppelwhite armchairs, £73; two Chippendale mahogany chairs, £32; ten chairs Heppelwhite design, two arms, £152; Chippendale mahogany corner cupboard, £44; Sheraton satinwood card table, £52; pair Sheraton satinwood commodes, £357; satinwood dwarf show cabinet, £58; Queen Anne walnut chest of five drawers, £52; Queen Anne tallboy of oak and walnut wood, £115; old English chiming clock, 8 ft., £68; walnut cupboard, £65; Jacobean chest of three drawers, £36; another with lifting and top drawer, £36; Jacobean oak cabinet, very decorative, £40; Welsh oak dresser, £59; Dutch marquetry chest of four drawers, £38; Dutch marquetry commode, £55; Spanish oak chest, arms Lyon and Castile, £40; Italian walnut chest, XVIIth century, £64; eight Dutch walnut chairs, £89; Italian cassone, XVIth century, £74; Spanish cabinet, XVIIth century, £73; and another one, somewhat similar, £34; Georgian mirror in walnut frame, £34; two Georgian convex mirrors, £29; Georgian mahogany cellarette, £89; Heppelwhite mahogany square urn table, 15 in., £142; Chippendale mahogany pole fire-screen, £115; another on tripod, carved, £105; Chippendale mahogany chair, with pierced vase-shaped centre, £162; another, slightly different, £131; and a further one, £136; and a further one, £152; three lots Chippendale chairs, two, £189, six, £546, and a wonderful one, arm, with scroll arms terminating in dolphins' heads, covered with petit point needlework, £945; Chippendale settee, 5 ft. 3 in., £205; Chippendale fire-screen, 31 in. wide, £399; Adam sideboard, serpentine shape, 6 ft. high, £650; pair old English cassolles of Derbyshire spa, £58; Sheraton square urn table, £68; Sheraton satinwood cabinet, £147; Sheraton Pembroke table, £74; Sheraton commode of semi-circular shape, with three drawers in the frieze, £378; another of serpentine shape, £504; pair Sheraton satinwood armchairs, £58; and another pair with Prince of Wales plumes and knots, £145; pair English marquetry commodes, each with three drawers, with ormolu gadrooned borders and a key pierced with the Prince of Wales plumes, late XVIIIth century, £1,680; Sheraton satinwood cabinet, 5 ft., £399; eight Heppelwhite mahogany chairs, two arms, £714; old English barometer, in Chippendale case, £40; two Chippendale large armchairs, covered seats in petit point needlework, £525; Chippendale corner cabinet, £84; Chippendale mahogany knee-hole writing table, with a slide, wine drawers, and concave centre forming a cupboard, the borders carved with gadrooning and beading, and the angles with scroll foliage, 3 ft. 8 in. wide, £945.

November 15. Old Silver, including the property of the Marquis of Aylesbury and removed from Savernake Forest, Marlborough, also that of the Right Hon. the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, and removed from Cotehele House, St. Dominic, and from other sources, CHRISTIE'S: six circular salt cellars with reeded and scroll borders, 1841, £32; tea service, decorated with foliage and strapwork, five pieces, £120; oval soup tureen cover and stand, 1832, £95; pair of silver gilt ice pails and liners, 1836, £95; silver gilt two-handled cup and cover, 1809, £68; two table candlesticks, 1733 and 1743, £38; a reeded silver gilt dessert service, 1827, 39 pieces, £92; four silver gilt sugar vases and covers, by Paul Storr, 1816, £155; pair silver gilt centre pieces, with spiral branches for six lights, Paul Storr, 1816, £300; silver gilt centre-piece with figures of Pan, for six lights, Paul Storr, 1816, £175; an oval bread basket, engraved rosette border, by Richard Morton and Co., Sheffield, 1796, £27; twenty-four dinner plates with shaped gadrooned borders, by R. Garrard, 1815, engraved with the arms of Charles Brudenell-Bruce, £460; and the following seven lots all similar, by the same: six soup plates, £115; four oval meat dishes, £150; four others, the same, £155; two more, £105; two others, the same, £115; a dish, £85; and another one, £95; four circular entrée dishes and covers, Robert Garrard, 1834, £155; four dishes similar, £95; four smaller, 1815, £110; pair oblong entrée dishes and covers, T. Robins, 1816, £130; three more lots by Garrard, 1815, circular soup tureen and cover, £140; pair sauce tureens and

covers, £90; and four smaller ones, £165; an oval tray by Wakelin and Garrard, 1795, £95; silver gilt oval tea tray, Paul Storr, 1818, £310; three candlesticks and candelabrum for two lights, by Wakelin and Taylor, 1781, a candlestick by Wakelin and Garrard, 1795, and two branches *en suite* by John Schofield, 1787, £270; four table candlesticks by Edward Wakelin, 1754, £210; large circular salver, engraved with Brudenell-Bruce arms, R. Garrard, 1834, £126; tea urn, by Paul Storr, 1809 and 1810, engraved with the arms of William Beresford, £73; silver gilt sideboard dish, Paul Storr, £250; silver gilt cup, by Benjamin Smith, 1823, £50; pair Dutch Candelabra, Amsterdam, £140; plain teapot, spherical shape, 1730, £52; George I plain sugar basin and cover, John Gibbons, 1726, £95; George I vase-shaped castor, Auguste Courtauld, 1726, £180; plain coffee pot, 1767, £54; Charles plain tankard, 1682, maker's mark IS monogram, 1682, £200; tea kettle, by John Pero, 1735, £180; pair Queen Anne table candlesticks, John Backe, 1703, £120; four oval meat dishes, 1763, £60; three other pairs, similar, 1763, £42; 1782, £46; and a larger pair, 1782, £68; four oblong fluted dishes, 1801, £90.

November 16. Old English Furniture and Decorative Objects, the property of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, and Decorative Furniture and Porcelain from various sources, CHRISTIE'S: Derby dessert service, £34; Worcester tea service decorated with panels of flowers, £27; Worcester breakfast, Flight, Barr and Barr, £55; Rockingham tea, £30; Worcester tea, £33; celadon oviform jar, Ming and two celadon dishes, £17; Chelsea figure of a lady, 6½ in., £56; Sevres oval dish and two small pots and covers, £22; two French porcelain dessert stands, £21; four Directoire candlesticks with bronze figures of Cupids, on white marble pedestals, £21; Louis XVI clock on ormolu drum-shaped case on white marble plinth, 13 in., £61; another clock of the same, with figures of the Graces, after Falconet, £50; pair Directoire candelabra, with branches for four lights, £38; and another pair somewhat similar, £23; Chippendale mahogany square urn table, 11 in. square, £26; old English mahogany bureau, £40; Regency writing-table, with two drawers inlaid with ebony, £34; suite of Chippendale mahogany furniture, with pierced scroll backs carved with foliage, with fluted rails and cluster column legs carved with lattice work and with scroll corner brackets, the seats covered with striped silk, consisting of a settee, 5 ft. wide, five chairs, and two window seats, 4 ft. wide, the latter covered with cream silk brocade, and a card table *en suite*, 4 ft. wide, £997; Empire mahogany writing-table with three drawers, 6 ft. wide, £86; pair Adam side tables, of semi-circular shape, £61; five Adam chairs with shield-shaped backs, £55; six Louis XV fauteuils, painted white and gold, £82; settee nearly similar, £36; and a smaller one, £26; Louis XV small marquetry cabinet, 19 in., £46; Chippendale mahogany side table, £21; pair of mahogany bookcases, £50; four walnut armchairs and four chairs of Charles II design, £157; oak dining-table, in two parts, 8 ft., £42; Jacobean court cupboard, £71; pair mahogany X-shaped armchairs, £44; mahogany dwarf bookcase, £61; Regency mahogany cabinet, with folding glass doors, 30 in., £121; English mahogany writing chair, with rail supports to the back, £61; two Chippendale mahogany chairs, with pierced ladder backs, the seats covered with woolwork, £57; Chippendale mahogany circular table, on tripod carved with shells, and ball feet, £92; six chairs and two arms of Chippendale design, £110; six Regency chairs, and one arm, £65; suite Regency, two settees and two arms, £100; suite walnut furniture of Queen Anne design, settee, four arms and two singles, £205; suite gilt furniture of French design, four arms and two singles, £121; XVIIth century French walnut cabinet, decorative, 4 ft., £44.

November 8, 16 and 22. Furniture and Objets d'Art, ROBINSON AND FOSTER, LTD.: antique figured walnut cabinet 4 ft. 6 in. wide, £103; nine George I rat-tail trifid top teaspoons, 4 oz., £50; twenty-four-inch oval engraved two-handled tea tray, £71; set of 10 walnut elbow chairs, on cabriole supports with club feet, Queen Anne design, £168.

November 16. Pictures and Drawings, PUTTICK AND SIMPSON: Drawings—Vase of Flowers, F. E. James, £7. Pictures—Portrait of the Artist, Le Brun, £7; Landscape, Continental School, £10; Landscape and River, Nasmyth, £14; Shore Scene, W. Shayer, signed, £50; Auch des Pyrenies, Monet, £15; Sibyl Persica, Italian Scene, £9; Grand Canal, Venice, and companion, P. Sala, £54; Two Ladies, French School, £10; Portrait of Lady, Lely, £10; Landscape, etc., Grier, £9; Portrait of Lady, G. Kneller, £9; two Landscapes, English and Dutch Schools, £15.